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JAPAN'S UNQUALIFIED ACCEPTANCE of President Coolidge's invitation to a new conference to limit naval armaments is profoundly encouraging. The friendliness and wisdom of this action ought to move England to the same brave position. In this connection we recall with gratitude that an admiral has at last been found who has the common sense to wish to do away with all battleships. This honor belongs to England. It is Admiral Sueter, who declares that no warships should be allowed of a greater size than cruisers of 10,000 tons. He would also have submarines internationally limited, their activities defined, and new rules made for them by an international conference held under the auspices of the League of Nations. This is in pleasant contrast to the spirit of the heads of the five chief American veterans' associations, who, having learned nothing from the futility and folly and non-success of the World War, have signed a joint manifesto calling for a navy equal to that of any other country and further armament on land. We remain the most aggressively militaristic of nations, and our press will hardly, therefore, take much notice of the fact that the latest European countries to sign a peace forever banning war between them are Sweden and Belgium. It is noteworthy that this treaty is not weakened by the usual exceptions of "vital interests" and "national honor." Similar treaties making war illegal under all circumstances are in force between Sweden and Denmark, Sweden and Finland, and a similar treaty between Sweden and Norway is under way. This means that war is practically outlawed in the north of Europe.

GLORIOUS AS WELL AS TERRIBLE THINGS are happening in China. Behind the bloody haze of civil war and rioting mobs and angry foreigners the new generation is coming triumphantly into its own. It was no mere military victory than won Hangchow, and will win Shanghai, for the Nationalists. It was a victory of what the cables call "propaganda"—a victory of the spirit. Against the growing conviction that the Cantonese represent the people of China no Chinese general can stand. His forces dissolve away from him. Something is happening in China which every coolie, every hireling soldier can understand. A half century ago Britain hired Ningpo Chinese to fight her battles for her against their own Government in the North; times have changed—today a Briton can hardly hire a Chinese to cook for him. It seems to us a tragedy that the two nations which in the West have been the historic protagonists of democracy should at such a moment stand fearfully and hostilely by, under arms—that England and America, instead of greeting young China with a cheer, should be meeting it with mercenary troops and battleships. Thus far in all the turmoil no foreign life has been lost; even the general strike in the foreign settlements of Shanghai has been conducted with exemplary orderliness. Despite the provocative show of force by the British and Americans, there is still hope that a clash may be averted.

SECRETARY KELLOGG threw about one candle power of light upon his Department's attitude toward Mexico in his response to the Norris resolution. He gave a long list of American corporations and individuals claiming title to Mexican oil lands which refuse to accept the Mexican petroleum laws, and said he knew of only four American companies which had applied for confirmatory concessions according to the law. He refused to publish the Department's correspondence with the rebel oil companies, but insisted that it had given no advice or instruction with regard to the petroleum law.

> It has [he said] supplied interested American citizens or their counsel with full information regarding the general position of the Government of the United States with respect to the rights of American nationals owning property in Mexico, so that any action taken by such nationals might be based upon a complete understanding of the position of the Government of the United States in the premises.

Such information, it seems to us, might easily sound like the kind of advice which Mr. Kellogg is reputed to have given the oil companies. Mr. Kellogg added that the Department understood that the rebel oil companies produced "about 70 per cent of the oil produced in Mexico."

POLITELY BUT FIRMLY the Mexican Government replied to Mr. Kellogg. It listed some twenty rebel companies, whose names do not entirely agree with Mr.

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Kellogg's list; told precisely what was their oil production in 1925 and in the first eleven months of 1926, and reported that they totaled a little above 40 per cent—far from Mr. Kellogg's 70 per cent—of Mexico's oil production. Some of the rebel companies listed by Mr. Kellogg, it said, have registered some of their oil lands while rebelling as to others. And Mr. Carleton Beals, in the *New Republic*, lists more than a dozen companies complying with the law—far more than Mr. Kellogg discovered, and, analyzing these, finds that while the Standard, the Sinclair, and even the Mellon oil interests have at least partially complied with the law, the Doheny interests alone have stood out 100 per cent rebel. The validity of the Doheny titles, he points out, has been challenged, and he suggests that the whole fuss and pother arises out of fear of investigation of Mr. Doheny's right to his exceedingly rich oil lands. Nothing in Mr. Kellogg's statement contradicts that suggestion; and his presentation of facts suggests that he has something to hide. Senator Borah drew the moral effectively in his splendid address on February 20. "It ought to be regarded as a crime," he said, "to defend by force and with American Marines a claim for property which cannot stand the inspection of an arbitrator."

IN SO FAR AS PUBLIC OPINION can influence business management the report of three great religious bodies criticizing the Western Maryland Railroad for its policy toward employees should be effective. The religious bodies are the Research Department of the Federal Council of Churches, the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and the Social Justice Commission of the Central Conference of American Rabbis. The report deals with the strike of engineers, firemen, and hostlers that began in the autumn of 1925, the investigators saying that the trouble arose because the company, alone among Class I railroads, refused to pay the standard wage increase. On top of this the company decreed that every man who wished to remain in its service "must sign an individual agreement which was in effect a non-union contract." The conflict, says the report, "is not between wage settlement and bankruptcy but between a wage settlement and dividends on stock." The largest stockholders are John D. Rockefeller and the Alien Property Custodian. The latter has remained "conspicuously silent." The Rockefeller interests, while known to be out of sympathy with the labor policy of the railroad, have taken no effective action to change it. The findings were submitted before the recent acquisition of control of the Western Maryland by the New York Central, Nickel Plate, and Baltimore and Ohio, accompanied by a spectacular rise in the stock quotations of the former. It is to be hoped that the change in ownership will lead to a just settlement of the dispute.

FOR THE FIRST TIME since September 1, 1924, when the Dawes Plan went into effect, a German statesman has declared publicly that Germany cannot go on paying reparations, that the default may come in 1928, and that the German economic situation is serious. This contradicts the conventional optimism. The alleged indices of German prosperity are abundant money, high stock-market values, and regular reparation payments. These are largely explained by heavy borrowing in New York, the interest on which alone already amounts to $250,000,000 annually. Borrowing, furthermore, necessarily entails more imports, thus further prejudicing a favorable trade balance. The indices of the real German crisis are 1,800,000 unemployed, who cost the government as much as reparations; low industrial output, resulting in the inability of industry to use the money available on the Bourse; and a trade balance which warrants neither debt and reparation payments nor repayment of Wall Street loans.

THE NEW GERMAN CABINET is dominated by industrialists and agriculturists and can therefore afford to reveal the true state of German affairs which the bankers prefer to obscure. The landowning Junker also objects to a commercial agreement with Poland because it would pave the way to importation of competing Polish farm products. So the negotiations for a Polish-German commercial agreement, opened more than eighteen months ago, have been broken off—although blame for the rupture may be Poland's as well as Germany's. The Poles do not want an agreement with Germany before they get a loan in the United States. Unhampered trade with Germany would mean heavy imports into Poland and perhaps a fall of the anemic zloty—not a good recommendation for the Polish loan delegation now en route to the United States. A Polish loan is not the best sort of business, but banking adventurers may step in where the established houses fear to tread, and supply Pilsudski with the wherewithal for militaristic schemes against Poland's Eastern neighbor.

> I do not believe in censorship in any of its forms, and I think the producers will clean their own houses without interference from us. But, of course, the police have been ordered to interfere whenever a play offends public decency.

THIS STATEMENT, made by Mayor Walker in Miami, is an excellent example of the muddled thinking that the question of censorship seems to provoke. It is on a par with the remarks of Mr. Frank Crowninshield at a luncheon to discuss the matter in New York City. Mr. Crowninshield, according to the New York *Times*, declared that the author of "Oedipus Rex" was an artist and the author of "The Drag" was not; " 'The Drag' ought to be suppressed; 'Oedipus Rex' ought not to be suppressed." Censorship is not as simple as that. Not even a censor, probably, would say that the greatest dramatist of all time—Sophocles—was filthy, disgusting, or obscene; but the English censor has said just that of a play by the greatest dramatist alive—"Mrs. Warren's Profession." Nobody and nothing is really safe from the censor. Meanwhile, Horace Liveright is attempting to take over the production of "The Captive," which Gilbert Miller and the Frohman Company renounced to avoid prosecution. The other plays attacked by the police are reported to be flourishing. The plan for a super-play-jury, with two members representing the theater and five the "public," the latter to be selected by the American Arbitration Association, seems to be well received by all sides. But if the public pays its money to see "The Virgin Man" and "Sex," will the American Arbitration Association truly represent it? And if the new play-jury decides that plays like "The Captive" are not obscene—as the old play-jury did—will the persons who bay for purity be any more satisfied than they are at present?

NOT THE SET FACTS but the living processes of history were the aims which Lucy Salmon held before her students during her long and distinguished service at

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Vassar College. She was one of the first in the academic world to see and to use the substance of daily living which lies about the historian—the newspaper and the village street as well as the bound volumes on library shelves. Her collection of material dealing with the press and with common everyday subjects such as the cook-books of past and present generations, the account books, laundry lists, and the like, which she kept and considered seriously as historical material, is a unique witness of the point of view which she held before her students with tranquil ardor. Her death has taken a great teacher and a spirit eager and untiring in the exploration of new educational and historical fields.

BROOKS ADAMS, dead in Boston at 79, was quite as interesting as his more famous brother who wrote "The Education of Henry Adams." The lives of the two men were similar in more than one respect, though their temperaments were different enough. Brooks, like Henry, went abroad as a young man to be a diplomatic secretary under his father, Charles Francis Adams. Like Henry he engaged throughout a long life in many intellectual enterprises, mingling these with practical ventures into business and the law but retaining always a profound curiosity concerning man, and particularly American man, as a social animal set down in an age of science. Both Adamses brooded over the fate of democracy and the meaning of that fate, and although Brooks wrote with less evenness than Henry did, and with a less organized learning, he was equally provocative when he put his pessimistic thoughts on paper. His introduction to Henry's "Degradation of the Democratic Dogma" is essential to that remarkable book; "The Law of Civilization and Decay" is as full of ideas—bitter ones—as the "Education"; it is interesting to compare Brooks's first book, "The Emancipation of Massachusetts," with his last, "The Emancipation of Massachusetts—the Dream and the Reality." Amateurs of the intellect, these two scions of old New England reflected in their own probing doubts the self-distrust of a confident young nation awakening to the fertile skepticism of self-awareness.

Can Seasickness Be Ended?

THIS is a hard winter for the kings. Those who are mere men have been on the run ever since the close of the World War, and now even those who are gods may have to hop it. A revolt has begun against no less impregnable and absolute a ruler than Neptune himself, to whom hitherto all the waters under the firmament have been conceded. The head of the anti-Neptune junta is a quiet, scholarly man in a cap and gown bestowed recently by Stevens Institute along with a doctorate of engineering. Having invented and put into successful use the gyroscope compass and an automatic device for steering ships known as "Metal Mike," Elmer A. Sperry is now working to perfect his gyro stabilizer, which he believes will do away with the rolling of a ship, thus ending for ocean travelers the ages-old plague of seasickness.

Bad weather at sea, says Mr. Sperry encouragingly, is only a myth; storms are a bluff. Neptune's trident is tissue paper and his power is *pouf*. Mr. Sperry has old scientific backing for his contempt for waves. Science knows that in spite of Byron the deep and dark blue ocean does not roll on; there is no progression of the waves. They are a surface upheaval, with narrow limits of horizontal motion and a vertical action that reaches only to a shallow depth. The bottom of a ship, says Mr. Sperry, is generally in still water. Why, then, does it roll and wallow among the waves? This great expanse of ship's bottom is of itself a submarine, pure and simple, Mr. Sperry explains in an interview printed in the *Nautical Gazette*. By itself this submarine is just as happy on edge or vertical as it is horizontal, and while in this calm and undisturbed water will with indifference assume any position that other parts of the ship take. This gives even small changes in the surface angle an opportunity triflingly to shift the ship's buoyancy center with reference to its gravity center, and the accumulation of many of these small-angle shifts of the surface finally gets in its work because of practically no restraint or counterforce. Rolling therefore finally ensues with all the attendant shipping of seas, groanings and duress, slowing down and impeding of headway, bad steering, and general discomfiture.

Upon this Mr. Sperry bases his belief that we have to counteract only the force of the ocean at or near a vessel's water line in order to keep it vertical, and this he believes can be accomplished by the power of his gyro stabilizer in motion in a ship's hull. A vertical ship would not only insure passengers against seasickness but it would ship little water, Mr. Sperry believes; the decks would be practically dry even in heavy weather. Besides, the vertical ship, relieved of its present lost motion and wasted energy, would be capable of greater speed. The ship which now does twenty-five miles an hour could do thirty-five, and it would be simple to achieve a four-day passage between America and England. A ship could be given increased power and speed without endangering her hull from the strain and pounding which take place today.

Naturally some practical questions arise. For instance, granting the soundness of the principle of using the earth's rotation to steady a moving mass, is it possible to operate a gyro stabilizer sufficiently large to be effective without employing an amount of power and space too great to permit of successful or profitable use of the vessel? Supposing you achieve a vertical steamship, will there be power enough left to drive it across the ocean or sufficient room to carry any considerable load of passengers or cargo? Experiment alone can resolve such questions. Mr. Sperry's gyro stabilizer, in its early phases, has been used on a number of yachts for several years and has been installed on a few larger vessels.

> The most striking example of steadiness [according to Mr. Sperry] has only recently been reported, although the stabilizer has been in use for four years. A ship belonging to the Japanese Government, and equivalent to a 16,000-ton trading ship, was equipped with a Sperry stabilizer. In a heavy sea her normal roll was nineteen degrees in each direction, or an arc of thirty-eight degrees. With the stabilizer released, the roll was checked down to two degrees, practically negligible, for no one is conscious of such a small motion. On this ship the stabilizer was running 12 per cent below maximum, and everything indicates that, running "all out," 100 per cent stability would be assured. The performance on this Japanese vessel was consistent throughout the four years, and many smaller vessels have shown complete stability.

Anyhow the upright, non-rollable, seasickless ship is a beautiful hope. And maybe it is—or sometime will be—true.

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Kellogg Must Go

MR. COOLIDGE, having made a worthy appeal for another conference to reduce armaments, finds himself turned down by both France and Italy. Apparently he and his inept Secretary of State failed to follow the usual procedure of sounding out in advance the several governments through our ambassadors and so laid themselves open to this contretemps. In addition it has been explained for them that their letter of invitation was "misunderstood"—as if it were not the first duty of a statesman in a matter of this kind to make his meaning clear and straightforward. The result is primarily the humiliating reply from France, whose Foreign Minister, M. Briand, apparently took a vicious pleasure in reminding the United States that it was not a member of the League of Nations and protested solemnly that his country could not join in a special conference to limit navies when the League was at work on a general disarmament program. If this answer seems in part a disingenuous and deliberate French effort to shelve anew the question of disarmament—some of the arguments advanced could have been equally well used in connection with the Washington Conference—Mr. Kellogg invited it by insufficient forethought and preparation. He even gave the impression that he was deliberately striking at the League. This is what is called great statesmanship by our noble President and his Secretary of State.

This blundering is only characteristic of the Coolidge-Kellogg diplomacy in every other field. In China the plan for the neutralization of Shanghai was turned down by all three of the Chinese groups. It was absurd on the face of it to ask the Nationalists calmly to agree to abandon a chief aim, control of one of their own large cities. Here, too, Mr. Kellogg got hold of an excellent idea and jumped to use it without adequate understanding. Both his gestures to China have failed utterly. He has now no independent American program, but is apparently merely playing second fiddle to the British. The English Government is at least frank about its militaristic policy, which is so properly characterized by Bertrand Russell elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*. It is rushing thousands of troops and many warships; we are shipping in marines little by little and preparing more and more for hostilities in such a way that the individual movements of troops and ships attract less attention. But there is every indication now that if the Cantonese arrive before Shanghai and the big guns go off we shall be foremost in the "policing." Anything may happen when there is no clear-cut principle or policy behind our actions, when we merely drift, failing to notify the world just what we are up to. Putting forth promises to do what the Chinese wish "if, but, and when" gets the United States nowhere and will eventually win for us the same hatred which now accrues to the British and threatens them with the complete ruin of their trade and position in the East.

If we look to the south of us there is the same amazing record of blunders. As for Mexico, we are marking time; we are apparently in a deadlock which will last until Congress is safely out of the way, when the President and Secretary Kellogg will, we very much fear, begin drastic action against the Republic of Mexico. Secretary Wilbur's harping on the bolshevist menace in his speech at the New York Republican Club indicates that that fake issue is still to be kept before the public. We do not believe that the outpouring of public protests has as yet been sufficient to deter the Administration from its program to "discipline" Mexico and any other country to the south of us which does not do our will. To Nicaragua, where the Sacasa forces, which Washington opposed, are sweeping the country, we are rushing additional thousands of marines to deprive the constitutional party of the victory which it has clearly won—all of this under pretense that we are protecting American property. In Panama Mr. Kellogg's offensive and defensive treaty which we were to have put over so easily has been rejected by the legislature. In Tacna and Arica we have scored a monumental failure because of the blundering in Washington. In the matter of the World Court, Mr. Coolidge was passionately for it and forced it through the Senate; now he takes his defeat on that issue lying down. He will not even state whether he will do anything about it or whether he intends to leave matters as they are.

As for the debt settlements, our Administration has achieved no action from France on the agreement with that country. It may have been good policy to make those settlements with Italy and Belgium at a few cents on the dollar, but the net result is that the American public has been deceived and Europe merely irritated. As for Russia, we are still pursuing the ostrich policy of pretending not to know that that great country is there, while we tremble at the slightest word of any bolshevist leader or group which points at us. And what is the net result of it all? Why, we are uniting all Latin America against us as a nation of sinister and hypocritical imperialists and are destroying American business and business opportunities from here to Cape Horn. In Europe they think us a blood-sucking miser, and are slowly being driven into union against us. In Asia, as we have said, we are becoming a mere tool of Great Britain in the estimation of a great people who felt that they had a right to the sympathy, cooperation, and moral support of a nation which also once threw off a foreign yoke. We have no friends left anywhere.

Now, if the Government could show some actual achievements, some record of having accomplished something, to offset its blunders, that would be another matter. We cannot discover that it has achieved a single genuine success of moment. And yet the business men of the country and even a part of the press which has not yet altogether abdicated the critical faculty, still pretends that Mr. Coolidge is a great President, that he is wise, sagacious, farsighted, and the best friend of business that we have ever had in the White House—he who is destroying our prestige and influence in the market of South America. If public opinion were alive and awake today as it was before the war the Coolidge Administration would stand condemned throughout the country. Only the absence of an intelligent opposition in Washington—the Progressive leaders are too few to be effective—prevents the complete exposure and condemnation of Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg. That only makes it the more desirable that those Americans who believe in old-fashioned honor, integrity, and decency should be insistent in their demands for a new Secretary of State. No matter who succeeds him the time has come to say that Kellogg must go.

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Basing a War on Rumors

TRADITIONAL Coolidge cautiousness has been tossed overboard by the President in his haste to execute his latest hostile move against Central America. Hereafter he will first ship his marines and airplanes (equipped principally for bombing purposes) to Nicaragua and elsewhere, and then inquire into his reasons for doing so. The guilt of the accused party will be subjected to examination after the accused party is dead. How can any other interpretation be placed on the President's explanation, given orally to the press on February 18, that in sending 1,600 additional marines and six DeHaviland bombers to Corinto he was acting upon information which to him "looks like a reliable report." If this policy is generally followed by the Coolidge-Kellogg regime in the future, marines will be sent on wild expeditions all over the world, not to protect American lives and property but to run down the innumerable reports of dubious reliability which steadily pour into the ears of important Washington functionaries.

Eight hundred additional marines landed at Corinto, Nicaragua, on February 20; the transport Henderson left Newport, Rhode Island, on the same day with 565 marines, planning to pick up 1,500 more at Philadelphia and Norfolk, for Caribbean service. The railroad is to be guarded, the chief cities of Nicaragua occupied, by marines and bluejackets. When the new orders are carried out 5,750 armed men will be stationed on Nicaraguan soil under the American flag or aboard the United States naval vessels now lying off the coasts of the Central American republic. This military force, of a size to satisfy the ambitions of the most outspoken imperialists, will provide eight protectors for each of the 700 American citizens who, according to the most authentic records available, have established their residence in Nicaragua! The Washington correspondents have expressed the guess that these armed men will be used either to "neutralize" the entire country—a euphemism for turning it over to Diaz—or to establish a military protectorate identical with that in Haiti.

Two hundred marines and six airplanes left San Diego for Corinto on February 16. Lesser naval officials explained that while the planes were ostensibly intended for observation purposes, they were in fact equipped with stores of 25-pound bombs, presumably to be dropped for "moral effect." On February 17, however, Rear Admiral Latimer, in command of the special United States service squadron in Nicaraguan waters, expressed surprise at the Navy Department's action in sending him reinforcements. He had not asked for the additional marines, he declared, adding that "there is really no need for them, as there already is a sufficient number of marines and bluejackets in Nicaragua to fulfil requirements."

The joke obviously was on the admiral. He is on the scene of action, but obviously the "apparently reliable" information which reached Washington, and made necessary the tripling of his force, had not reached him. On the same day Secretary Wilbur, probably with his mind on naughty Nicaraguan bolshevists and their contemplated seduction of little American children, announced that not only were 200 marines and six airplanes being rushed to Corinto but that the additional force of 1,400 marines was even then being made ready for a trip to Nicaragua. When his attention was called to Admiral Latimer's statement that reinforcements were unnecessary, Mr. Wilbur smiled sweetly as though to say: "Well, that's a good one on Latimer." Then he added that if the admiral were unable to find work for the extra leathernecks, he was at liberty to send them back.

The White House Spokesman, coming to bat for a moribund State Department, got into action on February 18. He frankly assured the assembled Washington correspondents that this Government did not intend to permit other foreigners to send rifles and bullets into Nicaragua; that privilege, he implied, was reserved for Uncle Sam. Nothing was said, of course, as to what right the United States had to take such action. The Spokesman maintained a profound silence as to the right, vigorously maintained by the United States during the World War, of citizens of a neutral country to sell munitions wherever they pleased —a right which would seem to belong to Mexico as well as to the United States in the absence of a declaration of war.

What the Spokesman—who was, we may reveal, Calvin himself—said, according to the short-hand notes of a skeptical correspondent, was:

> It is difficult to get any information upon which you can rely absolutely, but in case of peril of this kind it is assumed that *anything that looks like a reliable report should be acted upon*, and [we should] be prepared to meet that serious effect that could accrue from such a situation.

It looks as if the marines were going to be busy.

The Pace of the Auto Industry

THE automobile industry is the most spectacular business development of our age. Thanks largely to a new era of high-speed salesmanship, there are already more automobiles in our country than telephones, although something like two out of every three car-owners earn less than enough to pay federal income taxes.

In the closing months of 1926, however, automobile production and sales fell off at an accelerating rate, to such an extent as to mark an important change in trend. After reaching new highs last summer, 1926 production fell off at such a rate that December marked the lowest level since December, 1921, and the 1927 figures thus far do not indicate any material change in the situation.

This slowing down is not so astonishing when one considers how rapid has been the recent evolution of the automobile. For several consecutive years engineering research and the progress of the art have succeeded in making the car models of the preceding year seem old-fashioned. Three or four years ago the great swing in popularity from open to closed cars was under way, made possible by large reductions in the manufacturing cost of closed cars. Everyone who could afford it turned in his touring car for a sedan. Many who had postponed buying felt that the time to do so was particularly opportune. A little later appeared new closed cars with low, rakish lines, so that even those who did own closed cars found themselves quite out of fashion. Then came new cars with Duco and other lacquer finishes, with such obvious advantages over the old, polished finish as to constitute an important new sales appeal. And then four-wheel brakes became standard equipment. We seem at last to have reached a period of stabilization. The latest models are much the same as those of a year ago. For the first time a middle-class man can go to the local automobile show without feeling an irresistible urge to exchange his car for the latest model.

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Another factor tending to reduce sales is the fact that the instalment business has probably reached its fullest development. While the instalment plan was being introduced and was growing, sales increased proportionately. Now that the percentage of instalment sales to total sales is stabilized, this source of growth will be removed.

Those connected with the automobile industry point out that in the last four years the production in each year has fluctuated less than 10 per cent from the average—a record of stability that any industry might envy. If we go beneath the surface, however, we find this argument deceptive; it holds true only with respect to the production of the four calendar years in question; and there is no reason why statistical comparisons should be made in terms of calendar years in preference to any other twelve-month period. Every twelve-month period includes summer and winter, as well as all other seasonal fluctuations, and analysis shows that automobile production during the twelve months ended October 1, 1926, was 39 per cent above that of the twelve months ended March 1, 1925. The magnitude of this change was almost as great as during the 1921 depression, when production for the twelve months ended October 1, 1921, was 41 per cent below that of the preceding twelve months. The fluctuations with respect to individual companies are greater still. The sales to dealers by General Motors during the twelve months ended October 1, 1926, were 73 per cent above the sales of the same company in the twelve-month period immediately preceding. It is only by accident, then, that the calendar-year figures reflect a degree of stability which is not warranted in fact. These other figures reflect a degree of speculative uncertainty even during the stable years just elapsed which is disconcerting for the uncharted future.

The term "saturation-point" has been discredited since it has failed to materialize in accordance with the predictions of so many experts. The fact that the time of its coming has been mistakenly predicted, however, does not mean that it will never come. After all, a fair definition of the term "saturation-point" does not imply that sales will not increase, but only that the time will come when they will no longer increase more rapidly than the nation's growth in population and in economic resources.

Our generation is so convinced of the position of the automobile in our civilization that we can scarcely conceive of a decrease in its use. Let us not, however, forget the history of the bicycle. Our economic system is sound and will not rapidly change; but the form of our pleasures is transient. So far as the automobile serves an economic function its future is assured; but so far as its use represents a pastime, so far as it is a means for advertising one's social position, and so far as it is a craze, its future is uncertain, although such changes in popular taste are slow processes.

If it turns out that the automobile industry has difficult problems to meet, no industry is better equipped to cope with them, for in no other field are the leaders more resourceful or more competent in the technique of modern business. If the leaders of today's automotive industry had been in charge of the bicycle industry a quarter of a century ago, and had applied today's super-salesmanship, bicycles might have remained popular for many more years. But if the youngest and most resourceful of our great industries is facing a crisis, the whole structure of our prolonged and much-vaunted prosperity requires attention.

The Scope of Georg Brandes

GEORG BRANDES was a living refutation of the theory that it is no longer possible for a single man to take all literary knowledge as his province. In an age of particular specialization he refused to confine himself within the limits of a period, a school, or a nationality. Beginning sixty years ago at Copenhagen as a student of French aesthetics, within half a dozen years he had published his "Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature," a monumental work which dealt with far broader subjects than aesthetics—it was in fact an attempt at a history of European thought and emotion during half of a great century. Thenceforth his output, at least on its literary side, was to consist of a long line of monographs, critiques, and extended biographical studies. It is safe to say that no critic has applied himself on such a scale and at the same time with such intensity. We in England or America think of his "Shakespeare," France thinks of his "Anatole France" and his studies in Voltaire, Germany of his "Goethe"—all ambitious works, and all valuable. In Scandinavia he will be remembered not only for these but for his many volumes elucidating and evaluating Northern literature. He discussed Tegnér and Holberg as well as modern authors; he was Ibsen's pioneer defender both at home and in Germany. The parallel, incidentally, between his stand on Ibsen and that of Bernard Shaw had a sequel during the war, when both men conspicuously kept their heads.

Like Ibsen he lived for many years away from his native country, making himself the center of intellectual activity in whatever capital he chose for his temporary home; and like Ibsen he both considered and proved literature to be a thing of enormous importance. He was a fighter for liberty, reason, and nature who only by chance, perhaps, found his issues on the field of literature. Even then he by no means found them in belles-lettres merely. The storm which preceded his being refused the professorship of aesthetics at the University of Copenhagen in 1872 was raised over the ideas he had been insinuating into his lectures. He was of course a Jew; and it became known quickly enough that he entertained modern, naturalistic notions of morality and art.

Doubtless it was well that he abandoned academic life and became for years a wanderer. As a glorified free-lance he came upon bigger game than he would ever have aimed at in the lecture hall; in search of ideas he learned that ideas have every sort of application—political, social, and practical as well as metaphysical. One of his first tasks had been a translation into Danish of John Stuart Mill's "The Subjection of Women"; he was to write books about Disraeli and Ferdinand Lassalle; during the war, in a brilliant controversy with Clemenceau, he stood above the battle, serving with Romain Rolland as spokesman of the European spirit; and in his last essay he sought to interpret the Jesus "myth." Doubtless at his death he seemed no longer radical to the most advanced Danes, and indeed there had long been a rather futile movement to dislodge him from his eminence as leader. He will stand as a critic whose courage and scope demonstrated what always needs to be demonstrated, the exciting significance of the imagination. His faith in America as the bearer of Western civilization gives him peculiar significance for us.

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British Folly in China

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

London, February 8

IN all the long history of British blunders it would be difficult to parallel the present governmental policy in regard to China for immoral ineptitude. I say governmental policy, for the nation is emphatically not behind the Government as yet. One supposes that it will in time be influenced by means of a suitable diet of atrocities. It will be taught to believe that the Chinese eat corpses and mutilate children, and those who ask for evidence of these practices will be put in jail. As yet, however, feeling against China is confined to the Die-Hard section of the Conservative Party, and the Conservative Party, though a majority of Parliament, was a minority in the nation even in the "Red Letter" election.

From the Canton *Gazette*
The Mouthpiece of Militarism

Labor, with the exception of a few leaders who have been hobbled, is vigorously and determinedly opposed to the policy of sending troops, and is demanding their recall in spite of discouragement from their own headquarters. Labor quite understands that what our Government dislikes about the Chinese Nationalists is their policy of favoring trade unionism and aiming at an increase in wages. Enormous and enthusiastic meetings are being held in every part of the country demanding the recall of the expeditionary force. Even the Liberals, taking their cue from Lloyd George, are exceedingly critical of the Government's action.

From the mere standpoint of British interests what has been done is so foolish that nothing but a lust for blood could have made anyone suppose it wise. The concessions which our Foreign Office has offered to the Nationalist Government go beyond anything that would have been required to secure agreement if no forces had been dispatched. But because these forces are on their way, Mr. Chen rightly refuses to negotiate until this threat is withdrawn. The forces are being sent nominally to protect the International Settlement, but the Japanese, whose diplomacy is never caught napping, have intimated that they will not permit the troops to land in a region where their rights are the same as ours, and where their citizens are not finding the need of armed protection. If the troops land on pure Chinese territory, this of course will be in itself an act of war, and will give legal validity to the protest of Dr. Wellington Koo on behalf of the Peking Government, which relies upon the Nine-Power Treaty and the Covenant of the League of Nations.

This protest and the dismissal of Sir Francis Aglen as Inspector General of the Maritime Customs Administration are the first signs of the one good result to be expected of British folly, namely, the reunion of North and South in resistance to foreign aggression. It is to be expected that the reactionary generals, whom in spite of their illegalities and extortions the British Government is attempting to keep in power, will be abandoned by their own troops unless they make peace with the Nationalists. The British in China, absorbed as they are in bridge and polo, have not noticed that China has become a political nation, and have not stopped to reflect upon the asset which their policy affords to the Kuomintang in its party strife with Chinese conservatism. They have a curious inability to understand what sort of conduct people like and what sort they dislike. I listened the other night to an hour's address given to the Society for the Study of International Affairs, by a British diplomat lately returned from China, in the course of which he professed to explain why the British are not popular in China. He never even mentioned the massacres of Shanghai, Shameen, and Wanhsien, and when afterwards I asked him the reason for his omission he said that he did not consider they had been an important factor. The British in China are apparently unable to realize that Chinese civilians take no pleasure in being shot down treacherously without warning. Psychology is not taught at our English public schools or at Oxford.

The situation is of course one of the utmost gravity, for if once the troops land at Shanghai it is difficult to see how war can be avoided, unless by American or Japanese intervention, either of which our Government would presumably regard as an unfriendly act, though it would be welcomed by every sane man in Great Britain. If war breaks out it will entail the complete militarization of China and a prolonged struggle leading to the immediate cessation of the British-China trade, and an ultimate humiliation, even in a military sense, for though it may be easy to defeat Chinese armies it will be absolutely impossible to maintain control of China or any portion of it not within reach of naval guns.

The men to whom our Government is listening recall with pride our exploits in the Opium War, and point to the trade advantages thereby secured. They do not seem to realize that the republic of 1927 is different from the tottering Manchu empire of 1840. I could hardly have believed in the existence of such anachronistic ideas among persons with large interests in China had I not myself heard them expressed by such persons in debate.

Nor is the issue confined to China. Our Government contemplates breaking off diplomatic relations with Russia, and there is reason to think that the Poles are being incited to repeat their war of 1920. Our attempt to suppress China will of course have repercussions in India, and will increase the unrest in that country. In Great Britain itself a large proportion of those who fought in the Great War are determined never to fight again, whatever the issue. China is distant, and cannot be made to seem truly menacing.

The nation will not therefore throw itself into a

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struggle in the Far East with the wholeheartedness which it showed during the Great War. Unless our Government quickly comes to its senses, I foresee the loss of our Indian Empire and the accession to power in this country of a Labor Party with a very different temper from that of our Government of 1924. For the world at large the insanity of our present Government is likely to be a boon, but for England it is a disaster of the first magnitude.

These Modern Women

Woman Alone

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the ninth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in* The Nation *for March 16.*]

THE founder of my mother's family came across with Lafayette and married a Massachusetts farmer's daughter with a tradition of Indian blood. By successive removals the family pioneered into Pennsylvania, the Ohio Valley, and the prairies of Illinois. There, in 1861, my mother married a young Englishman who had just won his captaincy in the first three months of the Civil War. A few years after the close of the war I was born as the third of six children. My mother's people were mostly farming folk, though my father was admitted to the bar; he died when I was about ten, of a long-drawn-out war disability. None of the family attained any distinction beyond that of being—the men, good fighters, and the women, notable housewives, rather more forceful and inventive than the men. To account for myself, who turned out to be that blackest of black sheep to a Middle Western family, a radical-minded literary artist, I can record only that my grandfather played the flute and that a member of the French collateral branch was distinguished as a physicist and chemist.

I scarcely know why my being a radical should have proved such a cross to the rest of the family, since they were themselves shouting Methodists, black Abolitionists—my grandfather was known to have entertained Negroes at his table—and my mother a suffragist and an ardent member of the W. C. T. U., which at that time represented the most advanced social thinking among women, saving itself from ostracism only by remaining well within the orthodox religions and confining its activities to moral crusades. There were also "purity leagues" for achieving a single standard of sex behavior, and in connection with the temperance movement what would now be called "eugenic" propaganda, though that word had not then come into use. My mother saw to it that I read the pamphlets and heard the lectures pertaining to all these matters, without in the least realizing that she was thus preparing me for a radical career. I personally "sat under" Susan B. Anthony, Frances Willard, and Anna Shaw.

With this background it was inevitable that I should become a fighting feminist. But I cannot make clear my approach and method in regard to this problem of my generation without describing my own position in the family as an unwanted, a personally resented child. Probably few families in that age of enforced maternity were without some such member; but in fewer still did the intrusion take on such proportions of offense. Not that I ever blamed my mother, when I came to know them, for not wanting a child under the circumstances to which I was born. Nor do I, sorely as it hurt at the time, any longer resent that I should so early and so sharply have had my status as alien and intruder forced upon me. As you will see, it was my poor mother who lost the most in the conflict of irreconcilable temperaments never modulated by personal sympathy. Could she possibly have anticipated that I should end by being included in a list of prominent feminists, nothing would have pleased her so much; the trouble was that with that terrible pre-natal bias between us, she could never by any whipping-up of a sense of duty grow to like me, and the rest of the family took its tone from her. Long before I came to an intellectual understanding of the situation I had accepted as fact that I was not liked and could not expect the normal concessions of affection. By that adaptive instinct which still intolerably wrings my heart when I see it operating in young children, I had learned that it was only by pushing aside all considerations of liking and insisting on whatever fundamental rightness inhered in a particular situation, that I could secure a kind of factual substitute for family feeling and fair play. This began so early that though I can recall many occasions of mystified hurt at being rebuffed in the instinctive child's appeal, I can recall no time in which I did not have to conceal that hurt in order to bring all a child's wit and intelligence to bear on making good my right to be treated, factually at least, as a lawful member of the family. Out of this I developed very early an uncanny penetration into the fundamental ethics of personal situations which my mother was too just to refuse and not always clever enough to evade. By the time I was old enough to discuss our relationships with my mother the disposition to seek for logical rather than emotional elements had become so fixed that I had even made myself believe that being liked was not important. I had, at least, learned to do without it.

All this must be told in order that the bias and the method of my feminism may be understood. For life played an ironic trick on my mother. The pretty and darling daughters were taken away, and only the unwished-for ugly duckling left, between the oldest and the youngest sons. As if this were not enough, by the time the elder son was ripe for college there began to be signs that the daughter and not the son was the clever one. After my father's death my mother's affectional interests, as is often the case with widows, gathered and intensified around my older brother, who proved a good son and a good citizen, but without any distinguishing gifts. When in college he had, chiefly I suspect in response to my mother's passionate wish, displayed literary and forensic tastes which he was unable to support without liberal contributions from mother and sister. These he accepted at first gingerly, and finally with such freedom

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that many a theme, many a quip and paragraph which appeared in the college journal over his name had been wrung out of me by such concessions as sisters do to this day obtain from older brothers by ministering to masculine complacency. Although my mother was often a party to our traffic and occasional squabbles over it, she was always able, when the things appeared, to accept them as evidence of what she so much wished. After her death I found a scrapbook in which they were all carefully arranged with my brother's name in her handwriting underneath. And lest any of the generation for whom the woman's right to the product of her own talent is completely established should think this an unusual situation, I recommend the reading of the current if out-moded novels of that period, such, for example, as the novels of Madame Sarah Grand or May Sinclair's "Mary Olivier." For the greater part of the nineteenth century, in fact, it was not only usual but proper for parents openly to deplore that the sons had not inherited talents inconveniently bestowed upon the daughters.

I seem always to have known that I would write. Probably there was evidence of my having the necessary endowment, had there been anybody able to recognize literary talent, or tell me what to do about it. The attitude of the family was crushing. "What makes you think *you* can write?" In truth, I did not know. Looking back on the idea of a literary career which prevailed in the Middle West of that period, it was probably as well for me that nobody knew. I won a college degree by dint of insisting on it, and by crowding its four years into two and a half. My brother had the full four years. That I got so much was partly a concession to the necessity of my earning a living. With a college education I could teach, and teaching was regarded then as a liberal profession, eminently suited to women. Being plain and a little "queer," it was hoped rather than expected that I would marry. My queerness consisted, at that time, in entertaining some of the ideas that have got me elected to this list, in stoutly maintaining against all contrary opinion that I would some day write, and in the—to my family—wholly inexplicable habit of resting my case on its inherent rightness rather than upon the emotional reactions it gave rise to.

The summer I was out of college my mother decided to go West with my brother, so that he might "take up land" and grow with the country, taking me with her as being still too young for self-support. No use inquiring now whether this was a good move for me. Before the Pacific Coast filled up with Middle Westerners it was a gorgeous, an exciting place to be. Probably it proved a retardation of my literary career and a stimulus to radicalism. The immediate result was that I married. My mother had sunk all her little capital in giving my brother his start; there was no place in the home for me, and no money to prepare me for any happy way of supporting myself. I taught a couple of years, not very successfully. And, anyway, I wished to be married. Contrary to the popular conception about literary women, I like domestic life and have a genuine flair for cooking. And I wanted children profoundly.

I still intended to write, but never in my life having met a professional literary person there was no one to tell me that the two things were incompatible. Under ordinary circumstances they are not. What I did not in the least realize was that the circumstances were not ordinary. I married a man with social and educational background not unlike my own; a man I could thoroughly respect for his personal quality, quite apart from any achievement. There seemed no reason why, had I been what I appeared to my family, and to my husband no doubt, the marriage should not have proved successful in every particular. What I appeared was an average young person, clever and a little odd, but not so odd that a house to keep and a baby every two years wouldn't restore me to entire normality. True, my health was not good. All my mother's babies had been sickly; I as the sickliest had always been the first to "catch" every childish ailment, and as it was not the custom in those days to send for the doctor until you knew what was the matter with the patient I seldom received medical attention. But no one had ever suggested that this need interfere with marriage and having children. It was a superstition left over from my mother's generation that ill health in women was cured by having children. Nor did I realize how compelling the creative urge would become in me. Had I even suspected it I would not have supposed it a bar to marriage. I thought that two intelligent young people could do about as they liked with life. But, like myself, my young husband was without preparation for maintaining a household. At the end of twelve years we were still living in a town of about 300 inhabitants on an income inadequate to reasonable comfort, with an invalid child.

My first baby came in the second year and left me a tortured wreck. I know now that I did not have proper medical treatment, but at the time nothing much was thought of such things. My memory of the first seven or eight years of marriage is like some poor martyr's memory of the wheel and the rack, all the best things of marriage obscured by a fog of drudgery impossible to be met and by recurrent physical anguish. For before I had discovered the worst that had happened to me I had tried a second time to have a child, unsuccessfully. Brought up as I was, in possession of what passed for eugenic knowledge, it had never occurred to me that the man I had married would be less frank about his own inheritance than I had been about mine—much to his embarrassment, for nice girls were seldom frank at that time. I who had entered motherhood with the highest hopes and intentions had to learn too late that I had borne a child with tainted blood. I had to find it all out by myself. My husband's family exchanged glances, and remained silent. My mother said: "I don't know what you have done, daughter, to have such a judgment upon you." But I, brutally and indelicately, as I was given to understand, insisted upon uncovering family history until I found out. I said to my husband: "Why did you never tell me?" He said: "Because it never occurred to me." At home, he told me, they were all brought up never to refer to the obvious handicap. That was the well-bred Christian way of the 1890's. As for my own family, from beginning to end they never ceased to treat me as under a deserved chastisement.

In a way this tragic end of my most feminine adventure brought the fulfilment of my creative desire, which had begun to be an added torment by repression. Caring for a hopelessly invalid child is an expensive business. I had to write to make money. In the end I was compelled to put my child in a private institution where she was happier and better cared for than I could otherwise manage. My husband's family were good sports. They never forgot the birthdays and Christmases, and the probability that there might be normal human reactions. To my own family who demanded somewhat accusingly what they should say, I said: "You can say I have lost her." Which was true and

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a great relief to them. My mother died shortly after, but was never quite reconciled to my refusal to accept my trouble as a clear sign of God's displeasure. So for sixteen years.

Released thus to the larger life which opened to me with literary success, I found plenty of reasons for being a feminist in the injustices and impositions endured by women under the general idea of their intellectual inferiority to men. What I have just related are the facts that gave color and direction to my feminist activities. But I must go back a little to explain the kind of thing that got me called a radical, which was not what is called a radical today. I was neither a Bolshevik nor a Communist, not even a Socialist or free lover. I thought much that was said at that time about Home and Mother, sentimental tosh; I thought it penalized married love too much to constitute the man she loved the woman's whole horizon, intellectual, moral, and economic. I thought women should be free to make their contribution to society by any talent with which they found themselves endowed, and be paid for it at rates equal to the pay of men. I thought everything worth experiencing was worth talking about; I inquired freely into all sorts of subjects. I got myself read out of the Methodist church by organizing, along in the nineties, the first self-conscious enterprise of what has been called the Little Theater movement and acting in its plays. Worst of all, I talked freely of art as though it had a vital connection with living. One example of the sort of reactions an unbridled radical such as I was had to face must suffice. That was the beginning of various movements for applying the social wisdom of the more fortunate classes to the problems of the underprivileged—juvenile courts, probation officers, big brother and sister associations, and in particular, the activity finally objectified as the court of domestic relations, in which I was particularly interested. I had spoken freely and publicly about the necessity of bringing those unlearned in life into more or less compulsory compliance with our best experience. Just why this should figure as an offense to anybody I am still at a loss to know; but the next time I went to my mother's house, I discovered that there had been a family council, and it was put to me that, while the family did not attempt to dictate what I should say away from the neighborhood of the family, I must understand that in that neighborhood, and especially under the family roof I must refrain from all mention of so objectionable a subject as public remedies for private relations, or find my mother's door forever closed to me. Not a word, you see, about the incredible private tragedy which had come to me for lack of a public remedy! . . . Oh, yes, I took it, standing, for the same reason that I took it the day my pretty young sister was buried and my mother flung away from me and cried aloud on God for taking Jenny and leaving me. It wasn't until I caught the family—what was left of it—trying to put over on the younger generation the same repressions and limitations they had practiced upon me that I blew up. Suddenly I found the younger generation on my side.

As for not being under the necessity of being liked, which began as a defense, it has become part of my life philosophy. I see now that too many of the impositions of society upon women have come of their fear of not being liked. Under disguising names of womanliness, of tact, of religion even, this humiliating necessity, this compulsive fear goes through all our social use like mould, corrupting the bread of life. It is this weakness of women displayed toward their sons which has fostered the demanding attitude of men toward them. It puts women as a class forever at the mercy of an infantile expectation grown into an adult convention. So I have made a practice of standing out against male assumption of every sort, especially their assumption of the importance of masculine disapproval—more than anything else against their assumption that they have a right to be "managed." But it is the women I am aiming at, women and their need for detachment from the personal issue. At present the price for refusing to "manage" men is high, but not too high for a self-respecting woman to pay.

Milk—A Public Utility

By WILLIAM JOURDAN RAPP

IT is strange that in the United States, a country which prides itself on its high standards of public health, there is so little appreciation of the importance of a cheap milk supply to the health of a community; particularly its children. Most cities have elaborate and effective organizations to see that the sanitary quality and chemical contents of milk are maintained at high standards. But where is the city that interests itself in the price at which milk is to be sold?

In the long run the price of milk, which determines the amount that will be consumed, is a more important factor from the point of view of health than bacteriological or chemical content. Of course, it would be ridiculous to lower sanitary and chemical standards in order to reduce price. Fortunately sanitary methods of dairy management react favorably upon the milk-producing powers of cows. A cow will produce more and richer milk if housed in an airy and well-lighted stable and kept clean than if forced to live in filth in some dark hole. The problem of reducing the price of milk is primarily one of eliminating waste in collection, transportation, and distribution, and in doing away with the huge profits of the milk distributors. In short, the milk supply, like the water supply, should be operated as a public utility, for service and not for gain.

This article presents a plan for the reorganization of New York's milk industry, by which the city may achieve an adequate and cheap as well as a safe supply of milk. As the milk problem facing most of the large cities of the country is similar to that facing New York, although naturally not so immense or complicated, this plan may also point the way for other communities.

A survey in 1920 by the then Commissioner of Health of New York City which covered 11,000 families showed "that two cups and one ounce of milk" was the average received by each child daily, "an amount totally inadequate, markedly so at the ages of one and two years"; that in over 98 per cent of the homes investigated "substitutes in the forms of tea, coffee, cereals, and other drinks were

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used"; and "that many mothers are compelled by the reason of the high cost of milk to seek these deleterous substitutes." Visiting nurses and others in a position to known claim that today conditions are worse.

Largely as a result of this investigation there were introduced in 1920 into the New York State Legislature two bills, the purpose of which was to remedy these conditions. The first bill provided for a State milk commission with power to control the price paid for milk to the farmer and the price charged by the distributor to the consumer. This meant giving to a commission of political appointees tremendous powers with no corresponding responsibilities.

The other bill provided for the entrance of the city government into the milk-distributing business, but the amount of money which was to be appropriated for this enterprise made it impossible to hope for any but the slightest relief even if the venture proved successful.

Nothing came of either bill.

At the present time and for some time past there has been no real competition in the milk-distributing industry in New York City. A number of years ago all the distributors were organized in an association known as the New York Milk Conference Board, Inc. The ostensible purpose of this association was to enable the distributors to bargain collectively with their organized employees and the organized farmers, but it also served as a bureau for propaganda against any change in the *status quo* of the industry and virtually set the price of milk both to the farmer and the consumer. The selling price was sufficient to allow the smallest and least efficient distributor to survive. A company handling a half-million quarts of milk a day charged the same price as a company handling five thousand quarts, although the cost of operation per quart of milk of the larger company was much less. The larger companies found it more profitable to allow the smaller companies to survive and set a selling price based on their relatively high costs of operation than to undersell and drive them out of business. This system gave the distributors the one great advantage they could secure from a monopoly, the ability to set a high selling price, and at the same time it preserved the appearance of competition.

Today, although the Milk Conference Board is no longer the powerful organization it was, the same general situation exists. With the smashing of the power of the dairymen's union which conducted the strike of 1916, and of the milk drivers' and handlers' unions which tied up the city's milk supply in 1920, the two great distributing corporations, Borden's Farm Products Company and Sheffield Farms Company, no longer found it necessary to work so closely together. Both have formed company unions among their employees. Borden's buy their milk from the farmers through the Dairymen's League Cooperative Association, and Sheffield through the Sheffield Farm Producers' Association. Their wage scales, prices to farmers, and prices to consumers coordinate perfectly.

It is interesting to note that during the last few years there has been a rapid consolidation of milk and ice-cream companies in various parts of the country. The tendency toward monopoly is pronounced, but it is a monopoly whose economies result in added profits for the promoters and not in cheaper milk for the consumer. The National Dairy Products Corporation, which recently merged with the Sheffield Farms, Inc., of New York, and the Supplee, Wills, Jones Company of Philadelphia, is operating in more than 1,600 cities in thirteen States from New York westward to Nebraska and southward to Tennessee. The operations include both ice-cream and dairy lines.

The average price per quart of milk paid to the farmer in the New York milk shed is about 5½ cents. The average price to the consumer of loose milk is 11 cents per quart, and of bottled milk 15 to 16 cents. (Grade A milk, which is produced under higher sanitary standards, is 18 cents, and is sold only in bottles. The great bulk of the milk supply is made up of the so-called Grade B milk.) For the task of collecting and distributing, the milk companies demand from once to twice as much as the farmer gets. That this margin results in large profits is evident from a study of the financial histories of the two great milk companies. Their present enormous capitalization has been built almost entirely out of profits, and each year they pay their stockholders handsome dividends.

Every person who has studied the milk-distributing problem in New York City agrees that tremendous savings would result if the industry were operated as a monopoly. At present there are in many dairy communities from two to four creameries owned by as many different distributing companies where one would be adequate. There are forty pasteurizing plants in the city and 450 in the seven States and two provinces of Canada which make up New York City's milk shed. These could easily be consolidated into a score of plants in the city. In Brooklyn there are ten bottling and pasteurizing plants doing the work which the largest of them could do alone if developed to its maximum capacity. Only one plant in the whole city makes use of the latest labor-saving devices for pasteurizing and bottling milk. The methods used in some of the smaller plants were antiquated fifteen years ago. The waste involved in the city-delivery system is known to everyone. Monopoly would eliminate this duplication of work. On this point there is no disagreement. On the question of what sort of monopoly it should be and how it should be administered there are honest differences of opinion.

A private monopoly, privately operated under government control, and a government monopoly with government operation are the systems most often suggested as solutions for New York City's milk-supply problem. American cities have had experience with both in connection with gas, electricity, water, and transportation. Adapted to a milk supply they would present added difficulties, although either one would be a vast improvement over the system at present in operation. But there is another plan which combines most of the merits of those mentioned and eliminates many of their weaknesses. This plan provides that the city shall purchase the entire milk-distributing machinery through an issue of city bonds and the formation of a milk corporation to operate the city-owned monopoly. Legislation can be passed compelling the present milk companies to sell their properties at a price fixed by the courts.

The board of directors of the new monopolistic corporation will consist of seven members, one representing the workers in the industry other than executives and technical experts, one representing the farmers selling milk to the corporation, one representing the executives and technical experts, and four representing the public, two appointed by the mayor of the city and two by the governor of the State from lists submitted by the three members representing the workers, executives, and farmers.

This board will be responsible for the policies of the corporation. It will select a president who will be the chief executive in charge of all operations and responsible only

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to the board. The board will set the rate of wages and the price of milk to the farmers. The price of milk to the consumers, when the milk corporation takes over the industry, will be the average of the preceding year. Twenty per cent of the surplus, after operating expenses and interest and amortization on the bonded indebtedness are paid, will be divided among the workers, executives, and technical experts, each sharing according to their yearly salary; and 20 per cent among the farmers, each sharing in proportion to the amount of milk he has sold the corporation. The other 60 per cent of the surplus will go toward reducing the price of milk. If a sudden depreciation in the value of money should necessitate a rise in the price of milk to prevent the corporation from operating at a loss, the board of directors will have the power to order the necessary increase.

Such a plan will help the position of the farmers by giving them a voice in the management of the corporation to which they sell their milk. The board of directors will be in a favorable position to undertake an impartial study of the cost of milk production, thus enabling it to set a fair price to the farmers. All the figures available at the present time on this subject are either prejudiced for or against the farmer to such an extent as to make them worthless. By paying the farmers enough to make dairying profitable and allowing them to share in the surplus the city will be assured an adequate milk supply.

The corporation can do much to decrease the cost of milk production. The single largest cost item in milk production is "feed." The corporation can go into the feed business and substantially reduce the price by eliminating numerous middlemen and using its creameries as distributing centers. This policy could be extended to include other farm supplies.

The workers' status will also be improved. At present the employers, interested only in their own profits, fight every effort of the workers to improve their conditions, granting concessions only when compelled to do so. Under the plan suggested, the employer will be a corporation whose only object is public service, and in the formation of whose labor policy the workers will play a part through their representative on the board of directors. The workers' right to share in the surplus will be a continual incentive toward personal efficiency.

The technical experts and executives, other than those financially interested in the companies, are at present poorly paid and at all times subject to dismissal without a hearing, which in their case is a particular hardship since the field in which they can sell their services is extremely limited. The plan proposed offers them representation on the board of directors, and a share in the surplus for which their knowledge and efforts will be largely responsible.

To the people of the city the plan guarantees a milk supply operated for public service. Adulterated and bootleg milk result from the desire for profits on the part of the dealers. The Health Department can easily control the milk supply coming into the city through the milk corporation. The public will have a majority of representatives on the board of directors.

The people of New York realize the necessity of a reform in the milk-distributing industry. Milk was one of the leading issues in the recent gubernatorial campaign. Politicians have endeavored to make capital out of the situation while doing nothing toward remedying it. It is with the purpose of giving public opinion a definite program to consider that this plan is presented.

Some Men Run for Office: Calvin Sits

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, February 18

THE most interesting development of the past few days in Washington has been the extraordinary change in opinion, among the relatively small number of persons here capable of a detached view in such matters, concerning Mr. Coolidge and the 1928 Republican nomination. Three weeks ago the feeling in this class was practically unanimous not only that such is the power of the Presidency and such this President's particular and peculiar journalistic and financial support that he could, if he desired, be renominated without trouble and regardless of the third-term tradition. It was further felt with almost equal strength that not only did Mr. Coolidge conceal behind his pallid exterior a real craving to stay in the White House longer than any of his predecessors but that in his own quaint, armadillo way he was earnestly engaged in turning every little political trick he knows calculated to help him toward that desired end.

Convictions of judicious observers along this line were undoubtedly deepened by the general attitude of those here who keep in closest touch with the Coolidge circle and by considerable contributory political evidence, such as the insistent repetition in the Administration organs—but loudest in the Hearst string—that "his next will be Mr. Coolidge's 'second elective term' and no question of a third term can arise"; by the retention at Presidential request of the National Committee Chairmanship by the defeated but devoted Butler of Massachusetts, his intimate friend and adviser; by the reported resumption of cordial relations with the unfortunate Slemp, justly famous as a Southern Negro-delegate expert; by the statements that in their sections the desire for a continuance of Mr. Coolidge is enthusiastic and unanimous, given out by patronage-hunting Republican National Committeemen from the South and lame duck Senators and Congressmen doomed to pass out of the picture unless something is shortly done for them—and by other things.

When it was all summed up it seemed a pretty convincing case. Also reflection that the big Republican States with the dominating delegations were still in the hands of the business influences that have never been quite so happy as under the Coolidge-Mellon regime, made the chances seem remote for the Lowden or any other movement to gain real impetus no matter how strongly the Corn Belt revolts or how loudly the farmer organizations scream over the expected veto of the McNary-Haugen bill. Against a determined Coolidge in the White House with newspaper and business support unshaken it seemed impossible to question his convention control. Unquestionably that was the belief; but it has changed. It is conceded that Mr. Coolidge has himself neither done nor said anything to any one at any time to bring this about. It is further conceded that neither Dr. Butler's loudly intoned opinion that because of the third-term tradition Mr. Coolidge would not run nor the statement of the hard-boiled Moses that he had not believed for the last two years that Mr. Coolidge would run have been responsible for the change, though beyond doubt they started the thinking in the new direction. Also the reprinting in many newspapers of the emphatic language of Theo-

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dore Roosevelt when after his election he said that though it meant less than eight years for him he would consider the term to which he had just been chosen his second, as in his judgment the American people were concerned about "the substance, not the form" of this matter, certainly had enough effect to make it clear that the "second-elective-term" nonsense cannot be made to stick and that if Mr. Coolidge is again chosen it will be because the people want to disregard the third-term tradition in his favor.

But perhaps more than all these the change in viewpoint has been brought about by the general realization in Washington as this session of Congress draws to its close that the amazing feebleness of the man as a leader has once more been strikingly demonstrated. This time practically all the recommendations in the Presidential message of last December have been disregarded. Those that got through have done so casually and in a more or less accidental manner and are not important enough to be easy to remember. Two conspicuous Presidential appointments—Wood to the Interstate Commerce Commission and Tilson for the Georgia federal bench—were humiliatingly rejected by a Republican Senate. The disarmament gesture has been shown to be as meaningless and futile as the ridiculous tax-refund proposal of last November. It turned out to be not a well-thought-out plan on which, as is the invariable custom, the other important nations concerned had been confidentially sounded out through the usual diplomatic channels and their reactions known in advance, but merely another half-baked proposal which has resulted in nothing save a mortifying rejection. Finally, to cap the climax, the bitterly denounced McNary-Haugen bill, to which so far as he can be violently opposed to anything Mr. Coolidge was violently opposed, passed the Senate by a wide margin and has gone through the House by a vote of 214 to 178 notwithstanding every Administration effort to check it.

Altogether it is an astounding record of futility for so short a session—or rather it would be for another President. For Mr. Coolidge it is typical of every other session since he has been in his present place. In this as in the others he has run true to form so far as achievement is concerned. In the past he has survived these records of almost complete and at times abject failure without serious political damage to himself. However, each time makes it a little more difficult and it is probably true that the Administration's minus score at the present session has had more to do with the change of opinion as to his renomination than Butler, Borah, Moses, and McNary-Haugen combined.

Anyhow the change has occurred. An old Maryland boss used to say that twenty-four hours is a lifetime in politics; opinion may swing back again, but it is none the less true that the present view of "the talent" is that Mr. Coolidge will not be a candidate to succeed himself. It is not argued that he would not like to continue as President. It is not argued that he cannot be renominated if he makes the effort. The argument does not turn on that question. It is in brief that Dr. Butler is right and that Roosevelt was right; that no President and no party can afford to risk the anti-third-term tradition without a vastly more unanimous and insistent party and popular demand than now exists for Mr. Coolidge or is likely to arise; that a nomination for a third term made through the use of the Presidential prestige and power would, as Dr. Butler says, prove fatal; that Mr. Coolidge is far too clear-headed a politician not to see these fundamental facts or to take any such chance. He is, of course, flattered at the talk of him for a third term. He would like to go down in history as a President who could have had a renomination for a third term but was too wise to try for it. In all probability he will want general recognition of the fact that he could secure renomination before he makes his renunciation, but when it becomes plain that the nomination is his for the taking he will then state, as did Roosevelt, that it is the "substance, not the form" with which the American people are concerned, that the custom limiting the occupant of the White House to two terms is a wise one and bowing to it he eliminates himself as a candidate. That is the idea now. That is what the wise boys say he will in the end do, although it is admitted there is probably not a human being in whom he has confided. Further it is admitted that probably he does not yet know himself what he is going to do. Further, logical and reasonable as seems the argument, maybe he isn't going to do that at all. What he is doing now in reference to this personal political situation is what he has done all his life with every other political situation—simply sitting still with no ideas or plans or decisions or program, just waiting for events or persons or things to push him one way or the other. And it must be admitted it has worked pretty well—this "sit still" method—with him in the past.

Children and Art

By KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

IT began as an international show of children's drawing, painting, and clay modeling, but when I went to the Whitney Studio Club they explained that it had turned out to be a joint exhibition of the Mexican and American schools only. There were two rooms lined with delirious spotches of color. Being familiar with the work of Mexican children and knowing nothing about the new school of painting founded by American children, I said: "This is the Mexican room."

It was the American room. Children are the true internationals. They don't know the meaning of the word art. In Mexico the individual child learns the word in his own season. In this country the teachers are inclined to protect him from this knowledge as long as possible. For the past five years plastic art has been in the curriculum of every public school in the Mexican Republic, a serious item in their national program of education. This collection comes from schools in the country and in small towns.

The American pictures are largely the work of students in private schools, in experimental courses conducted by individuals. Among those represented are the Ethical Culture School, the Walden School, Elizabeth Irwin's classes in Manhattan Public School No. 61 and Bronx Public School No. 45, under the guidance of Angelo Patri, all in New York City. Others represented are the Rosemary Junior School in Greenwich, Connecticut; the Woodward School in Cambridge, Massachusetts; the Tower Hill School in Wilmington, Delaware; the Parker School in Chicago, and the Keith Country Day School in Rockford, Illinois.

I expected to make interesting comparisons between the temperaments of the two races of school-children. On examination, I saw differences of costume, distinct preferences in subject matter, a slightly stronger feeling for design and more patience in the Mexican pictures, a certain lack of detail and an ampler sweep of line in the American

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pictures. No other important differences. Of course we know that academic painters of all nations paint the human body in so uniform a style that it is hard to tell a German from an Englishman. The modernists of all countries also resemble one another to the extent that they all appear slightly French. But children, strictly speaking, are not artists and, unless they are trained, might be expected occasionally to strike upon a new notion of the human shape, or see it in some fashion approximating the vision of his elders. Not at all. Children all draw figures alike, and they all resemble gingerbread men a trifle warped in the baking. And this satisfies them until some one tells them it is wrong, or they grow up.

Looking at these jocund, delightful, perfectly irresponsible records of what a child sees and thinks, and what he feels about color, you can hardly blame certain grown-up artists for struggling to regain this paradise. They call it being primitive, and name it a virtue. But a primitive is one not fully equipped who does his best; he does not throw away a developed technique in order to be simple once more. These children are true primitives. There is an earth-shaking amount of energy, concentration, and effort in these pictures—cheerful, happy effort unvexed by aesthetic problems. Each one has done his gorgeous best, and it is an encouraging spectacle. Some of these paintings contain many elements of art. In one there will be revealed a fine sense of movement and rhythm, another has harmonious color, many have space and atmosphere. I might go on naming things it is natural to look for in a painting, but the teachers avoid placing emphasis on the thing produced, they do not criticize with the vocabulary of art and neither should I. They do not set a target of excellence for the child to aim at, he is not set to copying objects, but is left free to evoke his own images. This serves another purpose too, in revealing the range of interest in the individual, his sense of color and form, and what it is that catches his proper eye. All of them reveal a talent for human contacts, they imply a potential equipment for effective living. It is constructive work for the child and furnishes living data for the teacher.

If I feel that on the average the Mexican children have done a little better than the American in the Whitney Club show it may be because I know them better; I saw the very beginning of this work in Mexico, which amounted there to a revolution in educational methods; I saw their first exhibitions, and I know the type of tiny rural school they came from. I have seen the children. There is a certain hardihood in their pictures of fruits and plants and animals; in their small-town street scenes they do funerals with gusto; they write "soap" on the upturned box before the fruit vendor's stand. One child illustrates his physiology lesson, choosing digestion, a homely subject at best. He illuminates it with a charming picture of a boy and a girl eating ears of corn. This is his world, and he sees it in admirably clear terms. An American child records his loving memory of the beach and boardwalk at Atlantic City in a composition that in an adult would argue satirical gifts of no mean order. There is no death in the funerals, only a procession, and there is no real gloom in the little American boy's picture of people sitting carefully in church.

I believed that color was heaven's unique gift to the Mexican child. Give him three colors and he will invent a new rainbow. So, and I say it with triumph, will the American child. These young children who paint with such vigor and splash are not artists. They do not need to be; they are our future, and some of them are the artists of our future. It is not necessary to choose them in advance out of this exhibition.

In the Driftway

IN recording the successful concert in Paris of the ten-year-old violinist Yehudi Menuhen, the newspapers all acclaim him as "an American boy." If Yehudi should be "rounded up" in a "red plot," it is a safe guess that he would be "a Jewish boy of San Francisco."

* * * * *

UP to recently the Drifter always felt a certain resentment against Thomas A. Edison for knowing so much. But in looking at a photographic reproduction of one of the answers written by Mr. Edison to the questions asked him on his eightieth birthday it appears that he wrote "prevading" when he meant "pervading." In the question that provoked this answer the reporter spelled Jehovah with a "g"—a small one at that. The Drifter, who never was much of a speller himself, feels better.

* * * * *

IN *The Nation* of February 9 the Drifter alluded to a contest to determine the ten most beautiful things in New York City and set down some stray thoughts of his own on the subject. Some of the Drifter's choices were violently resented, as he intended they should be. A correspondent, signing himself—or herself more probably—"A Friend" writes:

> When my dear Drifter named the statue of Sherman, at the southeast corner of Central Park, as one of the ten most beautiful sights in New York, it was certainly one of those cases when Homer nods. I have prayed fervently for many years that the leaning woman would fall, relieve herself from her strain, and get out of her misery. And as for old Ruthless himself—the arch destroyer of homes and churches, the most despicable character in American history, who led his heroic van against helpless women and children—well, I'd better keep quiet! When I see him complacent and egotistical, I feel like saying: "So like Sherman—to sit while the woman stands!"
>
> Usually the Drifter drifts my way. But how one can pass up St. Thomas's, the Chapel of the Intercession, the Jumel Mansion, and choose the St.-Gaudens monstrosity—it argues the baneful effects of post-Volsteadism!

* * * * *

LET "A Friend" take comfort. That was not the worst mistake the Drifter made. He recalled a wonderful panorama of lower Manhattan, the East River, and the Brooklyn Bridge at night which he had seen from the back windows of a house on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn. But he did not want his two or three million readers to bother the landlord by ringing the bell and asking to see the view. So he said it was to be seen from the foot of Montague Street. Doubt and curiosity led him to the foot of Montague Street later to verify his statement. Only a pitiful fraction of the Brooklyn Bridge was visible, while the East River was obscured by docks and warehouses.

* * * * *

ANYHOW the contest has been decided and a jury has awarded prizes to the five school-children and five adults judged to have submitted the best answers. The name of John D. Drifter does not appear among either the

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school-children or the adults. This is not ununderstandable, as the Drifter forgot—as he predicted he would—to send in his list. The largest number of votes in the beauty contest went, in the order named, to the following: Statue of Liberty, the Woolworth Building, various spots in Central Park, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, St. Patrick's Cathedral, various views in Prospect Park, the Brooklyn Bridge, and certain paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By this it appears that the Drifter was a pretty good prophet. He predicted that the Woolworth Building would be on almost every list submitted and that the Brooklyn Bridge would also be popular. But the Drifter never even thought of the Statue of Liberty, which is at the very top of the list. The Drifter surmises that it was the school-children carried Miss Liberty to victory. Few adults could have voted thus unless they were confusing the statue with the magazine of the same name. For among us grown-ups liberty, either in bronze or in life, has been so completely under a cloud in recent years that the Drifter may perhaps be pardoned for overlooking it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Only of Christ's Race

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I came here from Czarist Russia, to graduate from the liberal arts college of an American university. I attempted to earn my living through my knowledge of foreign languages and literature—that proved thoroughly unsatisfactory. I learned stenography, for it, I had heard, was a sure way for any and every young woman to earn her living. With the assurance of my newly acquired knowledge, I proceeded to scan the "Female Help Wanted" columns of our dailies. The ads that say "state religion" or "Christian firm" I did not answer. I answered the ads of employment bureaus, and was told "Sorry, but they want Christians only."

Now, I am only of Christ's race. What is to be done?

New York, February 7 UNEMPLOYED

What Mexico Is Doing

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the summary of the Mexican-American oil and land controversy which you abstracted from the Foreign Policy Association Information Service appears the statement that "Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution of 1917 containing the new dispositions with respect to the rights of foreigners to petroleum deposits in Mexico marked a complete departure from regulations previously governing the rights. Under the old mining codes of 1884, 1892, and 1909, . . ." Literally the statement is true, but it tells only half the truth.

The "old" mining codes of 1884, 1892, and 1909 themselves marked a revolutionary departure from the centuries-old Spanish-American fundamental laws under which the state owned all subsoil deposits. The mining codes of 1884, 1892, and 1909 were passed under the notorious Diaz regime. In 1910 Diaz was overthrown. The Constitution of 1917 therefore merely tries to get back to the basis existing before the days of Diaz. Americans, steeped in the Anglo-Saxon conception of property rights, cannot understand the position of the Mexican Government until they appreciate that the Mexicans are trying to get back where they originally were. Whether they can do so by the proposed methods is merely a technical, legal question.

A similar criticism should be made of the summary of the land question. The impression is given that the Government is trying something new. Again it is merely trying to go back to old conditions. The Indian villagers held lands in common. These were wrested from them, sometimes by force, sometimes by fraud, just as were the old commons in England a couple of centuries ago. The present land laws are trying to reestablish the old *ejidos*. Whether or not they properly protect innocent owners of lands affected is of course a question to be properly threshed out.

There are other unfortunate turns of phrasing in the summary. For example, in the passage quoted reference is made to "the new dispositions with respect to the rights of foreigners to petroleum deposits," giving the impression that Mexican nationals were not equally affected. Of course this is not so.

Mexico City, February 1 WALTER FRANK

New Mexico? Coolidge? Doheny!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: New Mexico, suffering from a momentary inferiority complex, proposes calling itself "Coolidge." This sense of inferiority probably arises from the cloud that has recently darkened the name of its illustrious son, Mr. Albert Fall, that great authority on politics, oil, and morality. To change the name of the State from New Mexico to Coolidge is a left-handed way of informing the world that in spite of all that has passed the great native prodigy has been right all the time. Why not, dear New Mexicans, have the outspoken courage of your convictions, throw aside half-way measures, and name your State as it should be named—Doheny.

Mexico City, February 5 CARLETON BEALS

Referred to F. B. K.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot sleep. In the *Manchester Guardian* is a report of a speech in Rome in which Mussolini made the following attack on our Constitution: "It is absolutely logical that the outside world of democratic liberalism and plutocratic clannishness should be against us. To the responsible authorities in foreign states we say: 'You will have to go through what we have gone through. If you want to live, you must do away with garrulous parliamentary institutions.'"

Is not that expression "plutocratic clannishness" proof positive that Mussolini is thinking chiefly of America? And are there not Italians living in Mexico? Is it not the plain duty of Secretary Kellogg and Mr. Doheny to annex Mexico before this plot can go further?

Brooklyn, January 31 HENRY NEUMANN

Through Flags to Freedom

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Mexico, where few of the working class can read or write, a flag has been promoted into a workers' literature. The Mexican Federation of Labor is known as "C. R. O. M." In times of strikes the workers hang over their doorways the "C. R. O. M." flag, about a foot square, red, with a black diagonal stripe containing the initials CROM. The flag speaks a language read by all. Through this flag, evident in front of thousands of homes during a strike, the workers gain assurance of strength, "scabs" are impressed with the extent of unionization, and local politicians are warned of the political power in the hands of labor.

The American Federation of Labor should follow suit. The flag's color need not be red—that color might be considered taboo in this land where freedom is waived. I can imagine no more potent spiritual weapon for labor than the adoption

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of a union flag. During the garment workers' strike many streets on New York's East Side would have been decorated with flags from every window of every tenement. Consider the effect in West Virginia during a coal strike. Through a flag the workers might be restored to a feeling of power. By a symbol our workers might indicate to ward-heelers that labor can be articulate even in a literate land like ours.

Mexico City, February 15 ERNEST MORRIS

Noblesse Oblige

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: William Hard's article on the urge toward empire is a fine contribution to herd psychology. It seems queer that those who, because of oppression, left their old homes in Europe, should become empire-builders in their adopted country. May we not ask, Is the white race unable to follow a different course? Are we doomed to final extermination?

I am reminded of the great Russian who when passing some peasant boys took off his hat and greeted them. Whereupon his companion asked why he greeted those ignorant peasant children. To which he answered: "I am supposed to be on a higher intellectual plane than they. It is therefore my duty to teach them courtesy."

Ravinia, Illinois, February 3 JENS JENSEN

A Use for Tabloids

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At last you have a rival! Cry down Mr. Macfadden and his pornographic sheets, but give the physical culturist credit for his trenchant editorials on China. His Philadelphia *Daily News* is unique in exposing the verbal fencing of Mr. Kellogg's memorandum and Mr. Coolidge's further explanations. Never have I seen such *Nation*-like editorials on China in a newspaper—and a tabloid at that! If Mr. Macfadden uses scandals to build up circulation and then puts it to such good use, I will boost for him!

Philadelphia, January 31 ARTHUR C. YOUNG

The Man Bruce Barton Doesn't Know

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Bruce Barton's book "The Man Nobody Knows" has been so widely read that it may not be amiss to call attention to a curious oversight on the part of the author. The advertising method of Jesus, he suggests, should be studied by every salesman; one should speak with sincerity, make condensed statements, avoid adjectives, and use words of one syllable. "Jesus used few qualifying words and no long ones." The first line of the Lord's Prayer is cited as an instance. "Not a single three-syllable word: hardly any two-syllable words. All the greatest things in human life are one-syllable things—love, joy, hope, home, child, wife, trust, faith, God." One is tempted to suspect that, in holding up Jesus as a model to advertising men in this respect, Barton has overlooked the fact that the prophet of Nazareth did not speak Tudor English. He spoke the Galilean dialect of the Aramaic. Like Hebrew, Aramaic was poorly supplied with adjectives; like several other languages, Aramaic put the article at the end. Love would be *rachma* or *rachamutha;* joy *chedya* or *chayidutha;* hope *sibra;* for home there was no word; child was *olala* or *yanafa;* wife *antetha;* trust *tikla;* faith *haymenutha;* God *Elaha.* "Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name" would be "Abba debashemaya yithqaddesh shemka." All of which is not without its importance. When a great prophet is chosen as a model, it is well to bear in mind the differences of the time and place, speech and manner of thought. "The letter killeth; it is the spirit that quickeneth."

Ithaca, New York, February 12 NATHANIEL SCHMIDT

Have Faith in Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your February 16 issue is worth the entire year's subscription. The Right to Confiscate is a clincher, especially enjoyable to the legal fraternity. I fear, however, that it will be necessary for you to continue to knock before we can gain entrance to the minds of our President and Secretary of State. You are rendering a real service. The influence of *The Nation* constantly increases. More power to you.

Boston, February 17 CHARLES WOOD BOND

Earn Your Own Living

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I disagree with your correspondent, William E. Sweet, about the proposal to endow men instead of "chairs." That is the same "fool's gold" which has bedeviled the whole system of education, philanthropy, and religion.

What is an endowment? Is it not merely a device for compelling somebody to earn a living for you? Living on the interest of some rich man's money, without a thought as to the real work that must be done to earn that interest or of the people who must do that work, is altogether too easy a solution of the economic problem. Isn't the real trouble now that too many men are "endowed" with special privileges to live by the sweat of other people's faces?

What the world needs is a few men like Saint Paul, who can earn their living and find time and inclination to kick the economic wolf in the stomach, and let him howl.

Alpine, New Jersey, January 31 WILBUR F. COPELAND

Man, Not Monkey

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You discuss the symposium published by the *New Masses,* in which fourteen writers discuss their attitude to their art. I am surprised to read that "not even Upton Sinclair answered with a direct affirmative to the crucial question, 'May society properly demand of the artist . . . the transvaluation of values.'"

My answer to this question was: "To say that the artist shall not be a creator, but merely a craftsman, is to turn him from a man into a monkey." I don't see how anybody can fail to consider that a direct answer. Did you understand that I was willing to be turned into a monkey? Please grant me the space to say that I wasn't and I am not.

Pasadena, California, January 27 UPTON SINCLAIR

News from Archangelskoye

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me to correct some slips in my article on the Russian Reconstruction Farms which appeared in *The Nation* for January 12? The list of American groups was of course incomplete. The Seattle farm colony is not a religious organization—now that Louis Fischer has refuted Mr. Keynes as to the status of communism. Four large estates instead of two are being operated by the Americans at Archangelskoye. The third and fourth are about twenty miles away from the first two, which is inconvenient but gives the management a chance to work out improved methods of transportation and to prove that it is cheaper than separate overhead for each farm. The orphan boys are called *bezprizorni;* "hooligan" and *hooliganstvo* refer only to persons who behave that way. And the funds ($8,048) used by the farms for the care of the *bezprizorni* were collected and contributed by the American Committee for the Relief of Russian Children.

The old landlord whose cruelty gave Plakseika its name,

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back in the 1850's, not only made his serfs work in the canal in winter, but when on one occasion they refused, he is said to have had a hundred of them executed in front of the village church. To prove this the peasants point out the bullets still imbedded in the church wall.

Since last writing the farm has received a building loan of 30,000 rubles from the Government, and the building department under Donald Stephens has put up a home for the orphan boys, a large *sklad* to hold the tractors and other machinery during the winter, a pig palace, and a much-needed village bath-house, with other construction waiting to be begun in the spring. Harold Ware is now in Rostov arranging with government officials for the extensive stock-raising program the department of agriculture wants the farm to undertake.

Archangelskoye, Russia, February 1 MARIAN TYLER

What Kind of Equality for Women?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Miss Valeska Bari opens her article, Shall Women be Protected? with this warning:

> All the laws passed by the various States to shorten the working hours of women, to protect them from starvation wages and from strains of night work are threatened by the revived campaign for the Blanket Amendment.

The question arises, Where is the Blanket Amendment? Some years ago it was introduced in Washington and referred to the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, where its slumber has been annually disturbed by a hearing. On these occasions accredited speakers for twenty or more of the strong, old-established, national bodies of women have stated why they oppose the amendment. The American Federation of Labor and other labor bodies have annually gone on record against it. It has never been reported out of committee.

There has, meanwhile, been a journalistic and oratorical campaign of the Woman's Party against Labor and for the Manufacturers' Associations, the Associated Industries, and kindred bodies (with whose legal counsel and for whose measures speakers from the Woman's Party appear at legislative hearings) rather than for the Blanket Amendment.

If, however, a campaign for that amendment is to be revived in these closing weeks of the dying Congress, this is a fitting moment to address to its proponents this question: Where do advocates of the Equality Amendment stand on the White Primary in Texas, which excludes Negro voters, men and women alike, in the greatest of those States where the primary is the election?

Do they expect Negro women to vote everywhere as political equals of white men and women, as they now vote in a large majority of the States? Or do adherents of the amendment expect that in the minority of States where Negro women are now disfranchised in defiance of the Nineteenth Amendment they are to remain so disfranchised after ratification of the Blanket Amendment?

Do Southern members of the Woman's Party seriously expect Negro women, with their ever-increasing education and economic independence, to continue disfranchised after ratification? And to go on living in the South? Do any members of the party expect any votes of Negroes in any State for their amendment if they defend the White Primary in Texas?

This question the Woman's Party can no longer ignore if it revives the campaign for its amendment. It will have to define equality at the polls, as thoroughly as it has defined, in the past four years, what it means by equality in the factory and the legislature; where it asserts that equality is identity and nothing else.

It is the courts, not the proponents of new measures, who ultimately interpret them. The present one has abundantly shown what confusion a pending amendment can create, even though in four whole years it has not been reported out of committee in either house.

Will the Woman's Party line up in Texas with the powers that disfranchise Negro women? As in the industrial States it has lined up with the industrial exploiters?

New York, February 8 FLORENCE KELLEY

Fessenden and Bettelheim

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In order to complete a volume on early Christian work in Japan, I want facts about Henry Fessenden of New York, who was in 1846 a merchant in Hongkong, China; and Dr. Bernard John Bettelheim, Christian-Jewish missionary to the Loochoo Islands; physician, graduate of Padua University, native of Pressburg, Hungary; resident of New York about 1854. He did considerable speaking on Japan, being introduced by Commodore M. C. Perry.

East Cleveland, Ohio, January 31 EARL R. BULL

The National Council of Jewish Women

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You referred editorially to the National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods; did you not know that the National Council of Jewish Women had adopted resolutions against compulsory military training in land-grant colleges; in support of the work of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission; for arbitration; against the use of poison gases; for the World Court; for a program of study among its 52,000 members?

New York, February 1 DORA ROSENBERGER

The Science League

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Science League of America (Gillette Building, San Francisco) is the only organization formed specifically for the purpose of protecting the teaching of modern evolutionary science in our State-supported schools and colleges. As it is non-political and non-sectarian, it affords a means of fusion of all pro-evolution forces. It is actively fighting all the actual and potential anti-evolution bills, with very limited means, and asks the support of all friends of science and of freedom.

San Francisco, February 2 MAYNARD SHIPLEY, President

Not Unleavened

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I shall not quarrel with your editorial statement that "as a representative of conservative thought" *Foreign Affairs* "has a place to fill," except to add that the editors of *Foreign Affairs* believe it also has a place to fill as a representative of "liberal thought." They further believe that its record shows it to be filling the one as well as the other. Running through past issues, one's eye catches the names (among many others) of the following contributors who might be surprised to be labeled as conservative: Karl Kautsky, Joseph Caillaux, John Dewey, Georg Brandes, Alfred E. Zimmern, Senator Capper, Victor Chernov, Harold J. Laski, Arnold J. Toynbee, Oscar Jaszi, W. G. S. Adams, Harry Elmer Barnes, Edouard Herriot, Robert Morss Lovett, Yusuke Tsurumi, L. P. Jacks, W. E. B. Du Bois, Emile Vandervelde, Vladimir Zenzinov, R. R. Kuczynski, Gaetano Salvemini, Walter Lippmann, and Christian Rakovsky.

New York, February 4 HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG, Managing Editor

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Books, Art, Plays

Bacchus

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Cadmus, of Thebes where sprang that Amphion
Who reared the pediment and the peristyle
With lyric music, brought at history's dawn
The alphabet from the Nile:
Whence came all chronicles and song.
And Cadmus fathered that Semele who
Consumed by amorous lightning in the strong
Embrace of Zeus gave Bacchus birth, whereby
Was Bacchus' blood composed of song and fire.
Then as Zeus carried Bacchus in his thigh
So was his womb the flesh and the desire
Of the masculine and overruling god.
But Hera, the woman, raged at Bacchus' birth,
And maddened him, and with divine
Unrest she clothed him, and with dreaming shod.
So he began his wandering in the earth:—
This is the lineage and the spirit of wine.

So hunted by Hera, the spirit feminine,
Bacchus from pirates hired an Asian ship,
And linked his fame and fate to a libertine
And lawless crew; who with no loyal lip
Served Hera, yet unconsciously gave aid
To Hera's hatred. These with heavy ropes
Bound Bacchus to a mast. But Bacchus played
With their perfidious hopes:
First he transformed himself into a lion;
Then he made serpents of the masts and oars,
Venomous as the sting which killed Orion.
Then he sent ivy growing round the hull,
And over the sails; and from the magic shores
Of longed for land he caused the sound of flutes
To blow as memory amid the breeze's lull;
Till madness took the sailors whose attributes
Grown brutish by their crime and Bacchus' wish
Leaped in the sterile sea and turned to fish.

So is it with Bacchus ever and his foes:
Bind him and he becomes a lion; and those
Who bind him turn to serpents, and from fangs
Spit poison, where before the bursting grape
Poured healthful wine. The solemn ivy hangs
Where once were blossoms and the glistening shape
Of fruitful leaves. And those who praise,
And seek for water, find it, but as fish.
Music becomes the sound of viewless flutes
Blown from lost lands, or the broken gibberish
Of weary sailors, or the signs of mutes.
Cadmus the grandsire of the god withdraws
Song and the wisdom of the alphabet;
And men walk in a jungle of tangled roots,
The sprawl of crooked counsels and lawless laws,
Where reptiles foul the sylvan rivulet.

A Popular Napoleon

Napoleon. By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Boni and Liveright. $5.

IMAGINATION is not only a legitimate, it is a necessary tool of the historian. Except when dealing with survivals—monuments, originals of documents, relics, etc.—the historian is never handling facts, only mental images of them. He is trying to picture states of being, events, emotions, as they once actually were but can never exactly be again. For the perfection of his recreation he must depend not only upon his own imaginative sense but also upon his reader's. Ultimately, then, history is not a science, but a branch of art or of metaphysics, no matter how scientific its method may and ought to be.

And no branch of history is more metaphysical than biography. The biographer may repeat, time and again, that he is dealing with facts, but really he is trying to reconstruct what once was done, felt, or said, and can never be done, felt, or said again in the same way. When he has written four or five hundred pages of what his subject did, said, thought, felt, he calls it a "Life"; whereas the only resemblance it has to life, if it has that much, is chronological order. The best biographer can only approximate the "fact."

If it is impossible to reconstruct one's superficial life, how much more impossible to reconstruct one's "inner history," one's "inner life"! And yet this is what Emil Ludwig tells us, in an Envoy that differs from a Preface only in the fact that it comes at the end of his book, that he has tried to do with no less baffling a personality than Napoleon. To do it, he has made extensive use of Napoleon's letters and memoirs, and the manifold memoirs of people who knew Napoleon. At times he has squeezed the former so dry that one feels he has got more out of them than they had to give; and, despite a healthy skepticism in some cases, has frequently been much too gullible with regard to the latter.

Altogether, the book is unconvincing. It starts out with a romantic meeting in a tent, whose only witnesses were an infant and two adults who never left memoirs but whose every word is narrated in quotation marks by the biographer. They are not impossible words—and yet one wonders how the biographer knows, whose memoirs he used, and how the memoir writer knew. And all the way through the book the author quotes conversations as if he had stenographic reports of them before him. This is, after all, not a cardinal sin, even if it is an unscientific use of the imagination. But when he asks you to believe that he knows what was going on in Napoleon's mind, he asks too much. It may be logical to assume that Napoleon at Austerlitz thought this and that, and on St. Helena thought so and so. In fact, one might even say, if he did not think this and that or so and so, he ought to have. But if it were possible to know the truth in such a matter, if even Napoleon himself could have remembered what he had been thinking on momentous occasions, it might be found that he was thinking of nothing at all or perhaps only of the lady he had met the night before. The author admits as much. In his Envoy he says: "In this book, all the data are recorded facts, except the soliloquies." But one hundred pages of the book (I have not made an actual count) are not biography but soliloquy.

The effect of all this illegitimate use of imagination is to destroy confidence in the author. And so, when you find expositions of battles (as, for example, Marengo) or characters (as, for example, Louis Bonaparte) that differ from other accounts, you set it down to lack of knowledge rather than (as it may well be) more careful study of the sources; and when you find him actually believing that Napoleon's guiding motive was to form a United States of Europe, you feel that he has taken Napoleon's apologies without the necessary salt.

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Furthermore, the author has concentrated too much attention upon his inner man, not enough on his outer environment. He has made him the central character in a drama in which there is practically no setting. The result is that his readers will believe that Napoleon created his circumstances, made his own opportunities, was responsible for his own rise and fall. The biographer does this deliberately; he says he considers the course of battles and the contemporary position of European states irrelevant. And yet he refers frequently to destiny, fate, and Napoleon's star. But what were destiny, fate, and star, if not the French Revolution, England, the Coalition, the spirit of democracy and nationalism, in dramatic guise? Furthermore, every drama that has a hero must have its villains; and so Talleyrand is cast for the part, with Barras, Fouché, Napoleon's brothers and sisters, Bernadotte, Metternich, Lowe, and the British government as understudies. And, one sometimes feels, they are badly cast.

But the book will have, and deserves, a tremendous vogue. It has the proper amount of question marks and exclamation points, spicy anecdote and humor, genuine understanding mingled with hero-worship, to make it a popular biography and to win hearty approbation from literary critics. The plodding pedant, the mere historian will leave it, however, with regret that so good a job has not been better done.

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

Neither Short Story nor Novel

The Field of Mustard. By A. E. Coppard. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

CHEKHOV more than once asserted that it was his intention to write a novel and that he regarded his short stories as a kind of tuning up, a preparation for the longer form. I do not know whether Mr. Coppard has a similar intention; but certainly, compared with his earlier work, his every succeeding effort gives indications of expanding in the direction of the novel. It is not that the stories are in themselves longer than his earlier "tales"; some of them, indeed, are considerably longer; and, in the absence of any standard regulating length, one cannot raise any objections to his new volume on that score. Yet it would be useful if some critic could define precisely where the art of the short story stops and that of the novel begins. Still, we do have some idea of the distinction. A short story should not be diffuse, it should avoid rambling, it should have the concentric finality of a moment which is an accumulation of moments. It should have, as a form, something of that which we expect of a lyrical poem.

All this Mr. Coppard had, in good measure, in his first stories. And his new collection shows gain and loss. The gain is obvious. Mr. Coppard has the undeniable gift of telling a story. It is no small gift. He keeps us interested. He has humor too, and that inevitable pessimism and irony which, for reasons we need not enter into here, stamp the pattern of nearly every short-story writer worth his salt. But the pattern has visibly broadened. Details of character have entered more and more into the scheme, and, while not actually displacing circumstance, have served to envelop it as in a mist and to make its line fainter, and to give to the whole a sense of diffuseness belonging to another form.

Consider the longest tale in the book, Olive and Camilla, which covers some thirty-nine pages. "They had lived and traveled together for twenty years, and this is a part of their history: not much, but all that matters." So the story of the two middle-aged maiden ladies begins. But the "part of their history" that is told covers a considerable period, and leads up to the confession of one that her mind was not as pure as it was painted, and of the other that she had gone the whole way with some man. In short, the narrative is built up in the form of a chronicle, in the way a novel is built up; we do not feel that we have been, willy-nilly, whirled into the mood of a concentrated "moment," in itself final and ultimate; the denouement, for which we are being prepared, is too long in coming.

Consider, too, The Funnel, a title that is in its way symbolic. We enter, as it were, through the broad end, and by the time we have reached the narrow end we have lived aeons of experience. Little happens before the story begins, everything happens afterward. This is, to be sure, an accumulation of moments, but we live through every one of them. It is to be praised as a short novel. Now Judith is different. It is, by the limitation the author sets himself, a short story in every sense of the word. Its concentrated episodic content fully corresponds to the form in which it is cast. A little masterpiece, in its way. Fifty Pounds, though not so good, has all the earmarks of the shorter form.

It is ungracious, perhaps, to cavil at so fine an artist as Mr. Coppard, who, whether we are to regard him as a novelist or as a short-story writer, is deserving of respect. I, for one, should not wonder if he would come forward with a novel. In any case he has protected himself by calling his stories "tales," a good old English word which covers a multitude of narrative forms.

JOHN COURNOS

Gold and Tinsel

Orpheus, or The Future of Music. By W. J. Turner. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.

My Adventures in the Golden Age of Music. By Henry T. Finck. Funk and Wagnalls. $5.

THE intrinsic value of a critic's judgments is not in their correctness—since this cannot be determined—but in their quality. Since we cannot have objective measurement, we want evidence of at least a personal ordering of artistic experiences—a taste or an aesthetic—and one which, if it does not command our assent, may at least command our respect. By this I mean an ordering, not, for example, according to the usual narrowing preconception or essentially alien prudery, but according to whatever empirical principles may be derived by the critic—each for himself—from those artistic experiences.

I should say, then, that Mr. Turner's musical criticism had intrinsic value and importance and Finck's had none. Mr. Turner, like Finck in the present volume, has written about ephemeral things such as performers and performances of music; but always what he has written has related itself to a comprehensive conception of music, and one that was evidently the product of a sophisticated ear and a keen intelligence ("Orpheus" is one statement of this conception). On the other hand, I can discover behind Finck's violent loves and hates only a reasoned aversion to music that required exercise of the mind, which I should hardly call an intelligent aesthetic; and a susceptibility to whatever was, or whatever performance made, luridly emotional, which I should hardly call a sophisticated taste. Finck was, therefore, a bad critic; and it did not make him less bad that he was sincere, courageous, provocative in his badness; or that, as the person revealed in this book, he commanded respect with his straightforwardness and honor, and inspired and held affection with his unusual charm, the charm of an adult child who believed in Hun and Bolshevik bogies. There is plenty of delightful entertainment in the book, but considerable bad criticism nevertheless.

Nor did Finck's criticism have even extrinsic importance, fortunately. Neither has good criticism; and it is not necessary or proper that it should have. For the personal taste or aesthetic which gives it its intrinsic importance is nevertheless not to be imposed upon music as law; and so it is proper that even a good critic should have no more power than Finck had to alter the trend of music, the status of a single one of its creators. True, we read of a critic battling for a composer and of the composer triumphing, and we infer that the composer triumphed because the critic battled; but the inference is clearly

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open to question, and I for one believe it is false. Consider Finck's own case. He thought himself responsible in part for the acceptance of Wagner in this country; but if we think how little the status of Brahms has been affected by his flaunted contempt, or that of Grieg or Liszt by his perspiring praise, we must conclude that Wagner did not owe his acceptance to Finck. I should say he owed it to Wagner, by which I mean that music is its own, and its only, advocate; that—to change the figure—in time it is bound to rise or fall to its proper level; that the effect of critical intervention can be only temporary; and that a critic, therefore, can decide the fortunes only of what is short-lived, ephemeral, and to that extent unimportant; the fortunes not of music but of musicians. The harm a bad conductor can do, like the harm a bad critic can do, has its importance, certainly; but it is obviously a limited importance, as it is a limited harm—limited, for one thing, in time. Finck's influence was devoted largely and confined entirely to these ephemeral matters: he claims that it was his suggestion that made Conried manager of the Metropolitan; he helped to keep Stransky at the head of the Philharmonic (Finck and the Philharmonic directors were unable to disentangle artistic failure from popular and financial success); he accomplished other things which today are as though they had never been accomplished.

And this, please observe, was one of the giants (Krehbiel was another such giant) who dominated what has been recalled regretfully as the golden age of American criticism—a giant reduced to insignificance by the first paragraphs that Ernest Newman wrote for the New York *Evening Post*. Are we now in what will be a silver age, one dominated, say, by Mr. Chotzinoff?

B. H. HAGGIN

The First English Press

Caxton, Mirror of Fifteenth-Century Letters. By Nellie Slayton Aurner. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

MISS AURNER'S pleasant volume, which richly illustrates, through its content, the output of the first English press, amply evidences in its format the present status of the art of bookmaking, for it is well bound, well paged, well typed, and well illustrated. But it is not with the outward and visible signs of the printer's craft, folios and broadsides, founts and woodcuts, that we have here to do. The book before us is designed neither for the student of typography nor for the bibliophile, the eager quester of *incunabula*, but for the lover of letters; since the theme is not Caxton the printer but Caxton the gleaner of literature, author and editor. Here we have the first English publisher, seeking his materials not among the living but among the dead, fashioning for his readers through translation and adaptation new books out of old manuscripts. Laborious writer, skilful printer, and shrewd merchant meet under one hat, and reasonable profits pass from right hand to left.

In the Caxton window of St. Margaret's, Westminster, clearly pictured in the frontispiece, the author-publisher stands between the images of the Venerable Bede and Erasmus. But his is the backward rather than the forward glance, for during his apprenticeship as printer at Cologne and Bruges and his mastership at the sign of the Red Pale near the almshouses of the great English abbey, in the eighth and ninth decades of the fifteenth century, the day of the New Learning or the Revival of Letters—call it what you will—had not yet fully dawned in Northern Europe. William Caxton is the last Englishman of the Middle Ages, the epitome of their tastes, the quintessence of their qualities. He is medieval in his themes, his traditions and conventions, his moralizings. As Miss Aurner shows in successive chapters of sketchy paraphrase, his choice of books is from many fields, morals and manners, allegory and symbolism, lives of saints, science and learning, history and politics, beast-tales, poetry, chivalry, and romances; and in all these renderings and reproductions he is always the conservative and never the humanist. He sees antiquity only through the eyes of his own century. That his "Troy," his "Jason," his "Eneydos" carry the authentic accent not of Greece and Rome but of France and England the next age, ever critically classical, was quick to perceive and proclaim with a contempt for Caxton and his generation that was both unmitigated and unmerited. The publisher's many prologues and epilogues, wisely included here in an appendix of over seventy pages, serve not only, like Dryden's prefaces, as a log-book of his life but as a record of traditional sentiment. Oft repeated here is the introductory formula which, Miss Aurner fails to note, is the starting-point of many medieval writers professedly moved to authorship by "the desire to eschew sloth and idleness, the mother and nurse of vices." And whether the book is of romantic supermen like Arthur and his knights or of roguish creatures like Reynard and his folk, the inevitable moral is written large at the outset. The heroes of Malory's book, for which we confess our chief debt to Caxton's press, teach the reader "to exercise and follow virtue"; the rascals of the beast-epic warn him "to keep from subtle shrews that he be not deceived."

Miss Aurner does not neglect Caxton's personal relations with those great figures of the time that inspire his amazing feats of reproduction. His first book, the collection of Troy tales, published at Bruges, is wrought at the command of an English princess, Margaret Duchess of Burgundy. Later volumes, from the Westminster press, are dedicated to ruling kings of England, Edward, Richard, Henry. In his work as translator and as publisher he is aided by mighty earls—Rivers, Worcester, Arundel. He writes and prints, as he tells us, not for "rude, uplandish men" but for "gentle" readers. Hence in the score of books and in the twoscore hundred of pages which he Englished for this courtly circle he avoids the old and homely diction of the folk and enriches his vocabulary with "the fair and strange terms" of his originals. How far Caxton's manner, like his matter, reflects the medieval is a question that should be asked and answered by the present-day student who views the author-publisher as a "mirror of fifteenth-century letters." Even after the great work of Blades and of Duff, there is ample room for Miss Aurner's volume—and for yet another.

FREDERICK TUPPER

Thought About Thought

The Psychology of Thought. By Harry L. Hollingworth. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

Thinking About Thinking. By Cassius J. Keyser. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.

PROFESSOR HOLLINGWORTH'S book is the first psychological treatment of human thought which combines the three exceptional merits of rendering the phenomena of thinking homogeneous with the rest of human behavior, of employing familiar psychological concepts rather than borrowings from neurology or logic, and of adducing sufficient experimental evidence to support the weight of a nicely elaborated theory. His approach to reasoning and judgment through the study of sleep, drowsiness, and dreaming introduces the functioning of symbols, the vicarious exercise of imagery, and the mechanisms of redintegration in what are customarily called subrational processes; and thereby abolishes the significance of the implied distinction. The relation of the phenomena of drowsiness and dreams to abnormal mental states gives the concept of redintegration (the notion of whole-part functioning in association, of which the conditioned response is a subcase) extra force in interpreting normal, awake thinking as a symbolic process in which the items have their meanings because they have been severally associated as wholes and parts. The meaning of a symbol is its redintegrative tendency. The symbol, moreover, is not an idea or an image in the sense of being an exclusively psychical entity; rather it is any physical entity engaged in a psycho-

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logical context—that is, acting through its whole-part relationships instead of through its social or aesthetic, its molar or molecular relations. This is Professor Hollingworth's theory of the psycho-physical continuum, discarding the old substantial mind and body, and introducing a neutrality of stuff whose things are thoughts when they occur in thinking.

Whatever specific correction and modifications this theory must suffer at the hands of further inquiry, there is one general objection to be submitted. Professor Hollingworth extends his treatment to "logical thinking" with the conviction that the "so-called 'laws of thought' of logic are really not laws of thinking but laws of things, especially of those things called relations." Viewed in terms of his own psycho-physical continuum, it would not be true that "logic can be of little service to us in this enterprise." Professor Keyser's little book, inadequate with respect to organic and empirical thinking, so ably dealt with by Hollingworth, is the needed corrective, however, in the field of postulational thinking, in which the mind obeys the laws of logical structure rather than creates logic as a residue of its symbolic activity. Postulational thinking, imperfectly exemplified in Euclid and Spinoza, and perfectly in the non-Euclidean geometries, is the deduction of doctrines from sets of postulates and definitions. It is "if-then thinking," valid only in the sense that if the postulates are true, then the doctrine is true. The deductive relations here have no basis whatsoever in human nature; and a psychology of thought can only report how the mind is able to perceive, not organize, such relational systems. Logical thinking is a detection of logic in things, particularly things called propositions, and Professor Keyser optimistically describes the art of it with splendid clarity.

MORTIMER J. ADLER

Books in Brief

Civilization or Civilizations. An Essay on the Spenglerian Philosophy of History. By E. H. Goddard and P. A. Gibbons. Introduction by F. C. S. Schiller. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

The chief merit of this book is a careful separation of the historical from the philosophical aspect of Spengler's thought, and an exclusive emphasis on the former. Thus, Spengler is rendered intelligible to the reader untrained in technical philosophy. The advantages of this method are obvious, but they do not compensate for the violence done to the comprehensiveness and unity of vision of the master. Messrs. Goddard and Gibbons are not philosophers; they are teachers of history; and they have accordingly fitted a great deal of historical particularity to the general schematism of "The Decline of the West." Their elucidation of Spengler's theory of organic cultures in terms of the contemporary situation is illuminating and important.

The Laburnum Branch. By Naomi Mitchison. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

Many of these poems are topical, or uninterpretative presentations of landscape; all of them are diffuse; only the briefest can be read all the way through. After appearing in England the volumes of poetry by English mediocrities for some reason have to be reissued in this country.

John Galsworthy as a Dramatic Artist. By R. H. Coats. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A sensible if generally pedestrian and sometimes platitudinous analysis of Galsworthy's plays with special reference to the ideas contained in them. His "sincerity," his "sympathy," his "impartiality," his "irony," and his "artistry" are asserted and anatomized one by one; his views on family relationships, social injustice, etc., are discussed; it is even asserted that "he sees life steadily and sees it whole." Within its limits the book is readable and just.

Old Fort Crawford and the Frontier. By Bruce E. Mahan. Iowa City: State Historical Society of Iowa.

Fort Crawford was erected in 1816 at Prairie du Chien on the Wisconsin side of the Mississippi, and Mr. Mahan has written a chronicle of happenings there. The story is not exciting, but for local antiquarians the book will prove useful.

A Chinese Miscellany

The Long Old Road in China. By Langdon Warner. Doubleday, Page and Company.

The painfully beautiful story of a plodding journey far into the West of China to Edzina, Marco Polo's black city in the desert, and the Tun Huang caves, where Buddhas and Bodhisattas have smiled unchanging smiles for more than a thousand years.

A Girl from China (Soumay Tcheng). By B. Van Vorst. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

The story of a Chinese girl revolutionary who became Shanghai's first woman lawyer, told in Sunday-feature style.

Lanterns, Junks, and Jade. By Samuel Morrill. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

Mostly junk.

A Griffin in China. By Genevieve Wimsatt. Funk and Wagnalls. $3.

The Chinese drama, the mud men of Tientsin, shark's fin soup, the Three Stars of Fortune, the Heavenly Lady who Scatter Flowers, phenix rugs, Peking shops, long-lived cranes made simple for the romance-loving traveler.

Farmers of Forty Centuries, or Permanent Agriculture in China, Korea, and Japan. By F. H. King. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

Few books on the East could stand reprinting after sixteen years. Dr. King went as neither tourist nor politician, but as a farmer, and his observations stand the test of time. He went to China as a frank admirer of the most effective agriculture in the world, which, while cultivating the soil with incredible intensity, has not in three thousand years exhausted its fertility. He found Chinese agriculture capable of sustaining 2,000 consumers and 400 farm animals on a square mile of farm land, Chinese farmers thriftily avoiding the destruction of a single earthworm, sweeping up the droppings of their silkworms to manure their mulberry trees, paying for the privilege of taking from the cities to the farms that human refuse which we pay to destroy, sowing cotton between their wheat-rows before harvesting the grain, and harvesting barley, rice, and soy beans from the same field in the same year. He hoped America would some day attain to the same high standards of agriculture.

The Vanished Empire. By B. L. Putnam Weale. The Macmillan Company. $5.

"Putnam Weale"—Bertram Lenox Simpson—is a brilliant and erratic Englishman who has in his day rendered service to China. The first eighty-six pages of this medley are a *tour de force*—a brilliant essay-sketch of the long history of China. This he follows with the story of the Nemesis from the Sea—contact with Western sea Powers sapping the foundations of the ancient empire. Here his national bias begins to appear: he remarks that in October, 1860, "the famous Summer Palace . . . filled with priceless articles, was thoroughly looted [by the French and British], *an inevitable act.*" The italics are mine; the casualness is his. The third section, The Battle That Has No End, is Mr. Simpson's own revealing diary of the winter of 1925-26. Acutely penetrating comments are jumbled with imperial British nonsense—a yearning thought

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that "one good tank corps and one group of heavy batteries"—under foreign command—could "dominate all China north of the Yangtze"; apostrophes to General Dyer, who bravely massacred Indians at Amritsar, and General Sarrail, who boldly shelled Damascus; hunger for another General Gordon to clean up the Nationalists; and more stigmata that make plain the cause of the present hate of Englishmen in China.

L. S. G.

Art

Good and Bad Negro Art

WHEN a new artist or type of art achieves recognition, there usually follows a period of sentimental worship as uncritical as the hostility that preceded it. With regard to Negro art, the period of worship has begun, and everything with a Negro flavor, in literature, music, and the plastic arts, is riding on the crest of a popular fad. There is always danger at such times that important values will be lost sight of in a flood of cheap imitations and undiscriminating praise.

The Blondiau African Collection, now being shown by the editor of the *Theater Arts Monthly* at the New Art Circle in New York, deserves attention chiefly because it comes at this crucial period. It has a distinguished list of patrons, who have lent their names, it is to be hoped, as an expression of general sympathy for the Negro renaissance rather than of admiration for the particular objects shown. It is no disparagement of that cause to say that respect for Negro art is not to be advanced by the showing of notably inferior examples. If the exhibit were labeled Handicrafts from the Belgian Congo, and destined for some ethnological museum, nothing adverse could be said, for it is an instructive array of religious, military, and household utensils from that region. But it is put forward as Primitive African Art, and the expressed hope that it will be given to a museum presumably means to an art museum.

The exhibit deserves, as a whole, neither the word "primitive," nor "African," nor "art." The objects come almost entirely from the Belgian Congo, which means that only a limited part of the art-producing region of Africa, and by no means the most important, is represented. Instead of being genuinely primitive, they are in large part modern imitations. This is not to say that they are counterfeit (only the finer pieces, as a rule, are worth copying in European workshops); but that many of them have been made in recent years by unskilful African natives who are trying in vain to recapture the art of their ancestors. Since the market for African curios has developed, they are being turned out in considerable quantity, and backwoods villages are being ransacked for every stick that bears a trace of carving.

That this collection as a whole is not good Negro art, but consists chiefly of debased modern examples, cannot be adequately demonstrated in a short review. But to see the difference one has only to look at a photograph of one of the ancient masks or fetishes: it will have an immediately striking, powerful clarity of design beside which most of these pieces would look vague, weak, and superficial. It will show a face or figure radically distorted in such a way as to produce definite repetitions and contrasts of line, plane, and mass. The parts of the natural object, treated as separate units, will be reshaped and recombined in some bizarre and distinctive yet firmly organized structure.

The catalogue and circulars of the exhibit quote a sentence from the present writer's book, "Primitive Negro Sculpture," with the implication that it applies to the objects shown: "its way of building up a design from the dissociated parts of a natural object and the array of designs it achieved by this method" have thrown into modern plastic art a "ferment that must inevitably go on working." This statement applies not

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to everything African, and certainly not to carvings of the type on exhibition, but to the few surviving masterpieces by genuine artists, who were as rare in darkest Africa as anywhere else. There is nothing of much artistic merit, for example, in the African collection at the New York Museum of Natural History; and even in the British Museum, the Congo Museum at Brussels, the Trocadero at Paris, and the folklore museums of Germany the works of African art are far outnumbered by the pieces of merely ethnological interest. The former are now almost unobtainable in Africa itself, since the missionaries of white "civilization" have been for a century hurling them into bonfires and destroying the religion that inspired them.

Although most of the modern carvings are crude and weak, occasionally one of them catches some of the force of its ancient prototypes: for example, the "Bapende Tufted Ceremonial Mask" (No. 1 in the catalogue). Others in the exhibit show various degrees of decreasing skill, down to mere shapeless sticks of wood or ivory, feebly scratched to recall some traditional form. Among the several hundred pieces there is none of first importance, but some half dozen are fairly old and fairly worthy to represent Negro sculptural design. The masses are strongly blocked out, and surfaces nicely finished, in the Kasai fetish with copper and ivory ornament (No. 16), in the Bakuba mother and child (No. 19), and in the bearded Bakuba fetish (No. 18). These deserve a place in some art museum—when, by the way, will the Metropolitan open its doors to Negro art? It would be a pious act, and might appease the jungle spirits residing in these venerable "god-houses," if someone were to take them out of their present undistinguished company.

THOMAS MUNRO

Drama

"The Cradle Song"

IN spite of its quiet virtues one could hardly have predicted that Sierra's mild little comedy "The Cradle Song" would become, as it has, the most popular bill at the Civic Repertory Theater. Though the scene is a religious house for women, audiences which have come to expect that at least one act of most popular plays shall take place in a house of a different kind, are flocking to see it, and though the dialogue is all of a sort to which a nun might listen without impropriety these same audiences are charmed and delighted. There are, to be sure, touches of gentle satire, but only such as a true believer might permit himself; the prevailing mood is the mood of sentiment, and the lesson to be drawn from the play's success is, I suppose, that the simple chords at which it plucks are still, in most people, capable of responding, providing only they are touched with a sufficiently delicate hand.

In the first act a foundling is left at the door of a convent and adopted. In the second the infant, grown to girlhood, says goodby to the sisters upon the eve of her wedding, and that is all. Yet throughout the piece the interest is kept alive by a tenderly humorous picture of the simple lives of the nuns, by a sharp delineation of such mild differences of character as a convent may be permitted to include, and, above all, by the subtle diffusion of a simple sentiment. What this sentiment is "The Poet" who speaks an interlude between the two acts is careful to explain. Women, he says, whether they be mistresses or wives, are nuns, are essentially mothers. They are always rocking us at their breasts, and here we see how even those who have renounced physical motherhood clutch at the infant whom chance has thrown in their way and how they send her forth to experience for them the joys which they have denied themselves.

Doubtless it is only in Spain that a girl could still be found who, like the heroine, dreams of a married life in which she will sit quietly in a corner while her husband goes out to conquer and enjoy the world, and certainly only a Spaniard

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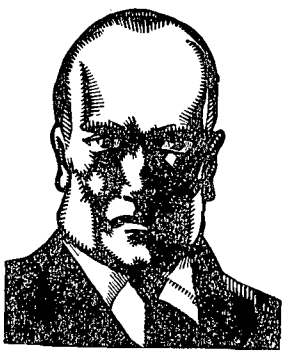

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could successfully project the mood of the present play. Like the same author's "Romantic Young Lady," presented here last season by the company at the Neighborhood Playhouse, "The Cradle Song" is the work of a man to whom the incurable romanticism of Spain, though grown perhaps a little attenuated and wistful, is still the most precious thing in life. All the disillusion and cynicism of modern literature have left him essentially untouched. He still believes in innocence, still delights to create young girls of a type now generally supposed either never to have existed or at least to have completely disappeared, and still has even a lingering reverence for the convent and its inmates. He suffuses his plays with a sentiment as old-fashioned as lavender and yet, because that sentiment is not affected but perfectly native and sincere, it gives the effect not of something false but of something with a quaint and all but forgotten charm.

Miss Le Gallienne's company has staged the play, which affords no star part and requires tact more than any other quality, with skill and discrimination. I confess that toward the end I began to grow slightly restive under the influence of its almost complete lack of action, that I found myself counting the sixteen nuns to find out just how many the departing heroine was going to be compelled to kiss in turn; but until these last fifteen minutes I was held by its charm and it is, decidedly, one of the current plays worth seeing.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Sun Yat-sen on Pan-Asia

SUN YAT-SEN was known as the Father of the Chinese Revolution of 1911; he was the first President of the Republic of China; he led the unsuccessful "Second Revolution" against Yuan Shih-kai's dictatorship in 1913; and he was the leader of the Canton governments which, declaring themselves the legitimate successors of the disrupted Peking Parliament, finally blossomed into the Nationalist movement which is today sweeping China. Of that movement, although he died in March, 1925, he is the patron saint, occupying a position strangely like that of Lenin in Russia. Meetings of the Kuomintang (Nationalist) Party and even school sessions in Nationalist territory are opened formally by making three bows before Sun Yat-sen's picture and reading his last will, a farewell message to the Chinese people; there is hardly a student's room in any college in China today in which Sun Yat-sen's picture does not hang.

This extraordinary position gives peculiar importance to his utterances which tend to become a sort of Bible of the Nationalist movement in China today. We print below part of the report of his speech on Pan-Asiatic Unity, delivered in Yokohama, Japan, on November 28, 1924, when he was on his final journey to Peking. The report was read by him before he died; Theodora Rhoades is responsible for this, its first translation into English.

When Japan abolished the unequal treaties with foreign Powers Asia's revival began. Since that time Japan has stood as the first independent nation in Asia. The other Oriental countries—China, India, Persia, Afghanistan, Arabia, Turkey—are at the mercy of Europe, being indeed but Europe's colonies. Thirty years ago Japan too was practically a European colony. But the Japanese people, farsighted and humiliated by their condition, strove to abolish the unequal treaties and make of Japan an independent nation. That struggle brought a new hope to the Asiatic peoples, who began to believe they might free themselves from the European yoke. Thirty years ago the Asiatic peoples believed that Europe, with its scientific and industrial progress, its highly developed weapons of war, and its strong armies, was so superior to enfeebled Asia that the latter was doomed forever to be the slave of the West. . . .

Ten years after Japan had abolished the unequal treaties the Russo-Japanese War broke out. Japan defeated Russia, the first triumph of Asia over Europe in the last several hundred years. . . .

This victory produced a profound effect upon the peoples of all Asia, not so much upon those in the heart of the continent, but upon those Asiatics in the West or bordering on European peoples who come daily into contact with Europeans and are daily oppressed by them. The peoples of Asia began to think of breaking the grip of Europe, and a movement for independence sprang up among them: in Persia, Turkey, Afghanistan, and Arabia, even in India, this movement has begun. Within less than twenty years the independence of Egypt has become a fact, and so has that of Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, Arabia, while even in India the movement for independence grows daily stronger and stronger.

When this desire has reached its full growth it will be time for the Asiatic peoples to unite, and then the success of their movement for independence will be assured. In Western Asia recently the peoples have established sincere and friendly relations. In Eastern Asia, however, although the motive force of this Pan-Asiatic movement comes from here, the two great peoples, the Chinese and Japanese, have not reached such an understanding. But the inevitable tendency in the future is for us Orientals to unite, in order to restore the position which we of Asia formerly held. . . .

Within the last few centuries in Europe material civilization has advanced enormously, whereas in the Orient it has stood still. On the surface the European civilization is better than the Oriental. But when one lays bare the structure of Western civilization, of what does it really consist? Of science, with an emphasis on utilitarianism. When you apply it in human society, all you can see is material progress, such as airplanes, bombs, machine-guns—it is a civilization of force. Europeans, through the power of their material achievements, hold us Asiatics in subjection and in consequence we cannot of ourselves move forward. . . .

We Orientals have always despised the ideal of the rule of might. We have a civilization which is better than this; whose essence is benevolence and righteousness. . . . In recent years Western scholars who have made any study of the Orient have come to know that although the material progress of the East is inferior to that of the West, yet in this regard for moral values as the basis of human conduct the East is superior to the West.

When you compare the Oriental with the Western civilization, which of the best two promotes justice and humane relations? Which is of more profit to the human race and to the nations of the world? . . . In the period between five hundred and two thousand years ago China was the most powerful nation in the world, occupying a position such as Great Britain and America hold at the present time. But while Great Britain and the United States are only two among the several world Powers today, China was then the only powerful nation. The attitude of China at that time toward weaker nations, and vice versa, is worth examining. The facts are that these weak nations regarded China as a superior nation and paid tribute to her, asking China to take them as her dependencies. They felt that it was an honor to pay tribute to China and that not to pay it was a disgrace. The nations which thus paid tribute were not confined to Asia but also included some of those farther west. . . . These nations were drawn to the virtues embodied in China's civilization and willingly came to pay her tribute. Nor did they come once only, but generation after generation.

What I say can be substantiated by a recent case. There are two small states in the north of India. One is called Bhotan, the other Nepal. Although very small, these two states are strong, and their people vigorous and skilled and courageous in war. This is particularly true of one of the tribes of Nepal, who are called Ghurkas. The English authorities in India used to go to Nepal to recruit the Ghurkas for their army. England has subdued a big nation like India and treats it as her colony, but the English Government annually gives a large sum of money to Nepal in order to be allowed to station an official there. Great Britain is, of course, one of the most powerful nations in the world, yet it is forced to respect Nepal. You can see that Nepal is one of the strong nations in Asia, since although England has held India for more than a hundred years and Nepal is situated right next to this English colony, it not only pays no tribute to Great Britain but receives money from her.

Now China's international status is rapidly declining. China, too, is far away from Nepal and between the two countries rise the high Tibetan mountain ranges. But Nepal still regards China as a superior state and pays tribute to her. . . . This difference between Nepal's attitude toward Great Britain and toward China is a strange thing, is it not? It indicates that China, however weak, has not in the eyes of Nepal lost its civilization, whereas Great Britain, although very powerful and having material prosperity, is looked down upon by Nepal. It might be truly said that Nepal was under the sway of the virtue of Chinese civilization, regarding it as true civilization,

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while that of Great Britain she refuses to acknowledge as civilization at all.

What, after all, is the problem before us? It is the conflict of two civilizations, the Oriental and the Occidental. Oriental civilization emphasizes benevolence and righteousness; Occidental civilization emphasizes utilitarianism and force. When you believe in the practice of benevolence and righteousness, you convert people by those qualities. When you believe in the practice of force and utilitarianism, you conquer people by your machine-guns. Those who are converted by your justice, even if you become weak, will be like Nepal, which still willingly pays tribute to China and regards her as a great Power. Those who are overwhelmed by force will always try to be free from you, even when you are strong, just as Egypt and India are every minute striving to be free from Great Britain, although they cannot succeed in their struggle because of her overwhelming force. But if Great Britain ever becomes weaker, Egypt and India, I am sure, will within five years break away from her yoke.

The relative values of the Oriental and Occidental civilizations are clear. We Asiatics, in striving to achieve a Pan-Asiatic unity, should consider even in this modern age what should be the basis of the conception upon which we build that unity. We should use what has been distinctive in our Oriental civilization, its emphasis upon moral values, upon benevolence and righteousness. These must be the basis of Pan-Asiatic unity. Using them as a foundation, we should then employ European science to develop industry and to reform our weapons of warfare. But when I say we should develop our industries and improve our weapons of warfare in imitation of European nations, I do not mean we should imitate Europe in conquering other nations and oppressing other peoples. We imitate Europe only for self-defense.

Japan has been the nation most successful in adopting Western achievements along military and cultural lines. The Japanese in their army and navy organizations and equipment do not have to depend upon Europe, therefore Japan is really the only completely independent nation in Asia.

There is another Asiatic country which during the European War joined the Central Powers. This country was defeated and was almost partitioned. But after the war it drove out the Europeans and has now become completely independent. That country is Turkey. Japan and Turkey stand out like protecting walls to Asia. But Persia, Afghanistan, and Arabia also begin to awaken and imitate European military defenses. I have already referred to Nepal as a nation respected by Great Britain. China, too, at the present time has many soldiers and many weapons of war, and will become powerful as soon as it is unified.

In attempting Pan-Asiatic unity and in restoring our rightful position in the world we must use benevolence and righteousness as our foundations, and thereby unite the different peoples of Asia, so that together we may become a power to be reckoned with. But if we use benevolence and righteousness to convert the Europeans and ask them to give up the privileges they enjoy in Asia, it will be like conferring with a tiger over taking off his skin. If we wish to regain our lost privileges, we must resort to force.

Japan and Turkey already possess well-equipped and adequate military resources. Other nations like Persia, Afghanistan, Arabia, Nepal, have been skilful in warfare. We Chinese have four hundred million people and although we are peace-loving, when it came to a life-and-death struggle our strength would be great. If the Asiatic peoples unite, using what force they have, and bring things to a military issue with the Europeans, victory will be the result.

In mere numbers Europe and Asia compare thus: China has four hundred million inhabitants; India three hundred and fifty million; Siam, Anam, and the Southeastern countries together have several hundred millions; Japan has several tens of millions, and the other small nations of Asia have several

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tens of millions. We Asiatics represent one-half of the whole population of the earth. Europe has but four hundred millions, whereas we Asiatics have nine hundred millions. For a minority of four hundred millions to suppress a majority of nine hundred millions is against justice and humanity. And any action contrary to justice and humanity will ultimately result in defeat.

Fortunately among the Europeans there are some who have been won over by our ideals of benevolence and righteousness. In Great Britain and America there are a few who are now advocating them, in harmony with a world tendency. As for the other barbarous nations, there may also be some among them who are of the same conviction. The Western civilization of utilitarianism and force will ultimately bow before the Oriental civilization of benevolence and righteousness.

At the present time there is a new nation in Europe. This nation has been excluded by the whole white population of Europe, who regard it as a poisonous snake. In Asia, too, there are many who look upon it in the same way. The nation I refer to is Russia. Russia has now come to a parting of the ways with its white kinsmen. Why? Because Russia believes in benevolence and righteousness, not in force and utilitarianism. She is an exponent of justice, and does not believe in the principle that a minority should oppress a majority. Naturally, Russia comes to link hands with the Asiatics and breaks her family ties with the West. The Europeans, fearing that the Russians may succeed in carrying out these new principles, heap condemnation upon her as a rebel against the civilized world.

We talk about Pan-Asiatic unity. In the last analysis what is the problem we are trying to solve? Simply this: How can we Asiatics, who suffer at the hands of Europeans, resist their power? Or, to put it differently, our question is: How can we free the oppressed peoples from the oppressor? The oppressed are not only confined to Asia. They are also to be found in the very midst of Europe. Many persons regard any movement for the emancipation of the masses as rebellion against civilization. The civilization which we propose to uphold is that which strikes down tyranny. To seek the emancipation and equality of the oppressed is what we propose to do. . . .

Contributors to This Issue

BERTRAND RUSSELL, the English physicist and social philosopher, is the author of "The Problems of China" and "The A B C of Relativity."

WILLIAM JOURDAN RAPP is a New York journalist.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun*, writes regularly from Washington to *The Nation*. He will speak on Calvin Coolidge at the fifth *Nation* dinner.

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER is the author of "An Outline of Mexican Popular Art."

EDGAR LEE MASTERS'S latest book is "Lee: a Dramatic Poem."

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK, of the University of Louisville, is soon to publish a study of Jean Paul Marat.

JOHN COURNOS is a British novelist, author of "Miranda Masters" and other volumes.

B. H. HAGGIN has been contributing musical articles and reviews to *The Nation*.

FREDERICK TUPPER is professor of English at the University of Vermont.

MORTIMER J. ADLER is preparing for the press a philosophical work called "Dialectic."

THOMAS MUNRO is the author of "Primitive Negro Sculpture."

The author of Woman Alone is a well-known novelist and poet.

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